MACLEAN'S 15¢

Canada's National Magazine

April 17 1965

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MACLEAN'S REPORTS

APRIL 17 1965 VOLUME 78 NUMBER 8

LAMARSH VS. LE WEED: MORE SMOKE THAN FIRE

TEENAGERS who complain that their elders never listen to them can expect refreshing news from Ottawa next month. For two days in mid-May forty-eight high-school students from all over Canada will be guests of the health and welfare department, at a conference on smoking.

Dr. E. A. Watkinson, assistant director of health services who is virtually hosting the department's whole anti-smoking campaign, won't be listening to the youngsters just to be polite. He'll be pumping them for clues on how to reverse their traditional image of the smoker. Watkinson hopes to convince thousands of young Canadians that smoking is "square" and abstaining is "hip."

Such strategy is highly ambitious, but no more so than the campaign itself which Health Minister Judy LaMarsh launched almost two years ago with an announcement that she had just quit smoking. Later, she called a conference at which the basic objective was spelled out: "to reduce the incidence of lung cancer and other diseases attributable to cigarette smoking by the reduction or elimination of this health hazard." Forming a committee for research (into smoking habits, incidence of lung cancer and so on) and another on "education," the department lined up its propaganda targets this way:

● DOCTORS: nurses, other health workers and school libraries were targets in Phase I just last spring. For them the department ran off 57,000 copies (English and French) of a 171-page paperback called *Smoking And Health Hazards*.

● TEACHERS got the treatment in Phase II. To reach them the health department sent out 130,000 kits containing anti-cigarette posters, a "comic" book called *Smoking And Cancer*, reprints from the Canadian Medical Association *Journal* and information on films and film strips about smoking. Total pieces dispatched: 2½ million.

● STUDENTS in elementary and high schools are the targets in Phase III, now just underway. Current aids are films in English and French featuring psychologists discussing smoking with classes of youngsters.

● PARENTS and community groups (voluntary professional) will get the propaganda treatment in Phase IV.

● THE GENERAL PUBLIC is last on the five-phase list. ("We haven't worked out specific ways yet to appeal to them," Watkinson admits.)

But even allowing for this timetable the campaign has begun to seem tinged with failure. In spot checks in four major cities, *Maclean's* reporters couldn't find anybody who is really enthused about the campaign.

● SOME ADMINISTRATORS consider the teachers' kits unmanageable and absurd. Some of it's hilarious, it's so obviously a promotion. A Toronto information officer told *Maclean's*: "A lot of it is in polysyllabic medical jargon and is repetitive," says Toronto physical education director N. R. Spears, who boiled it down into a speech for principals. Vancouver public relations man Bob Ludwig, secretary of the Non-Smokers Association of Canada (whose twenty thousand card-carriers include Judy LaMarsh), says many anti-smoking kits must be gathering dust in principals' offices because teachers were never instructed to using them.

Judy LaMarsh and her king-size project: her first few swings haven't made a dent



Montreal a Protestant School Board spokesman said they would no more campaign against cigarettes than they would against eating too much candy.

● EVEN TEACHERS and principals eager to help stamp out smoking haven't in most cases been quick to respond to the Ottawa push. "The Judy LaMarsh campaign doesn't mean much to us," says Winnipeg principal J. M. Surfield whose Churchill High School has its own anti-smoking campaign. In Toronto spot checks showed that teachers haven't displayed the federal anti-smoking posters and anti-smoking is just one more item in health classes (thirty-five minutes a week).

● ONE FILMMAKER, who admittedly has something to sell, questions whether the LaMarsh campaign is using all the most effective techniques. He is Robert Anderson whose *Smoking And Lung Cancer* shocked CBC-TV viewers last spring (it shows removal of a diseased lung). Anderson couldn't persuade the department to buy the rights to his film. Health department publicity Tad Watt explains: "We're convinced we can't scare people into quitting."

● THE CAMPAIGN BUDGET ($600,000 for five years) looks big at first glance but is really ludicrously small. Research gets $200,000, leaving $400,000 for propaganda. But that's only eighty thousand dollars a year—less than *one twelfth* of the amount tobacco companies spend *each year* on CBC radio and TV.

Last month Judy LaMarsh made some bold-sounding headlines ("Cigarette ads may be banned") with a speech that was actually a classic example of how to pull a punch. "If our health education efforts ... do not prove as effective as we think they will," she said, "we may have to give consideration (to banning cigarette commercials)."

Her waffling words—*If may give consideration to*—provided a striking contrast to those of the campaign's bluntest critics. One is Dr. W. C. Lorimer, superintendent of Winnipeg schools, who has assessed the LaMarsh campaign so far in the light of an intensified three-year anti-smoking program that began in Winnipeg schools in 1960 and ended with only partial success.

"The federal government's anti-smoking campaign," he says, "can be compared to a mosquito trying to knock on a tank."

FORECAST

IF YOU'VE been using the "other" side of the cornflakes box to brush up on your French, you'll soon have a chance to switch to boxcars. Canadian National, determined to carry its name bilingually on all its 100,000 boxcars, estimates the paint job will take up to thirteen years. But once you've seen one boxcar saying Canadien National you've seen 'em all. Other markings (dimensions, capacity and such) will remain in English only—that's the universal language of the Association of American Railroads, even member companies in Mexico.

● NEXT TASTE sensation: chickens that have been pre-flavored while they were still walking around the barnyard. A new enzyme called hyaluronidase can be mixed with traditional seasonings and inserted into live chickens' necks. The solution spreads quickly and uniformly throughout the chicken's body, flavoring the meat as it goes. Flavors tried so far: sage, sesame, garlic, barbecue and nutmeg.

Blair Fraser

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

Mr. Pu and Mr. Yao: two Orientals who wish they weren't so inscrutable

THE FOUR LONELIEST people in Canada must surely be the two representatives of the Chinese news agency, Peking, and their wives, who share a modest apartment in downtown Ottawa.

Not that they complain of any unfriendly treatment by Canadians — quite the contrary. Both men insist that they have been welcomed "very warmly" by the people they have met in their new assignment. Their trouble is that they can't find anybody to talk to.

Pu Chao-min, the correspondent, is a man in his forties who has traveled in many countries of Central and South America, and who in 1961-62 spent seven months covering the Geneva Conference on Laos, but who virtually speaks no language but Chinese. Young Yao Jen-lin, his interpreter, speaks adequate though rather labored English, but he had never been outside of mainland China in his life until he arrived in Canada two months ago. Born in Shanghai and educated in Peking, he learned his English in school and university. The two wives speak only enough English to answer the telephone rather nervously and to do rudimentary shopping.

What about the 120,000 Chinese Canadians? Why can't the newcomers talk to them?

"We find it easier to talk to our Canadian friends," Yao Jen-lin explained. "Chinese Canadians speak Cantonese. Mr. Pu and I speak only Mandarin. When we are with Chinese Canadians we have to talk to them in English."

Hadn't they been able to find *any* Mandarin-speaking Chinese in Canada?

"Only one — and he is in Toronto."

There are of course lots of Chinese in Canada who speak Mandarin, and

quite a few of them are in Ottawa, bio they are devoted adherents of Generalissimo Chiang Kai shek and will have nothing to do with the communist journalists. Also for ideological reasons, the other communist missions in Canada give there the cold shoulder — they all belong to the Soviet camp and regard the Chinese heretics as even worse than the capitalist heathen. When the Soviet press attaché had a reception for Ottawa reporters, the two Chinese were not invited. When I asked them whether they get any help from the Tass correspondent they replied politely "We met him once in the press gallery."

Pu Chao-min first arrived in Ottawa last July, with a different interpreter. It soon became apparent that his own rudimentary English was at least as good as his interpreter's, if not better. This led some Ottawans to conclude that the so-called interpreter was really a secret agent of some kind, like the chauffeurs and doormen at the Soviet Embassy whom Igor Gouzenko identified as agents of the NKVD.

But Far Eastern experts in the Canadian department of external affairs say this is nonsense. China's sudden expansion of all her diplomatic activities, they say, has put an intolerable strain on her supply of English-speaking personnel — at least those who are indoctrinated in communism thoroughly enough to be safely sent abroad.

In any event, Pu Chao-min and his former interpreter left Ottawa last autumn for a protracted "home leave" in Peking, after staying in Canada only about three months and when Mr. Pu reappeared in February the first interpreter had been replaced by Yao Jen-liu, a slender, gently spoken young man not long out of Peking University. His English is quite adequate to the demands of ordinary conversation, and both he and Pu can read enough English to scan the newspapers daily; but they often find that it isn't enough to know the dictionary meaning of the words.

"Please explain, what is all this about Mr. Diefenbaker?" they asked rather pathetically, during the week when Diefenbaker was playing buttonbutton with the Conservative leadership. When I asked whether they were sending any reports to China about the Diefenbaker crisis they answered, "No — Chinese readers are not interested to know only what happened, they want also to know why it happened." I could see how inhibiting this requirement would be in the handling of that particular story.

Ordinarily they send about fifteen hundred words a week from Ottawa. They send their reports in English, for a peculiar reason — it saves the Chinese government large amounts of money, which are paid by Commonwealth taxpayers instead. All news dispatches within the Commonwealth can be sent at a subsidized "Imperial press rate" of a penny a word, with the various Commonwealth governments dividing up the deficit at the end of each year. When Pu cables directly to Peking it costs him fifteen and a third cents a word, so he normally reports via Hong Kong in English or sometimes via London.

What to put in the dispatches is a more difficult problem. When I asked them what was their biggest difficulty in adjusting to life in Canada they answered without hesitation: "Finding news." The recent student demonstrations must have been a godsend to them: the young people sitting on the sidewalks of Toronto and Ottawa became "Canadian masses protesting American brutality," a good standard story that made the front page all over China.

There is also a problem of ordinary living: finding food their wives can cook in the familiar way. What about the so-called Chinese food served in Ottawa's Chinese restaurants?

When I asked that question, Pu didn't wait for the translation. "I suppose," he said bitterly, "one must call it Chinese food." It was his only lapse from otherwise impeccable politeness.

UNHAPPY VIGIL ON AN ISLAND PARADISE

Caught in the middle of an insane non-war, our boys in Cyprus can't wait to leave

AN OFFICIAL government handbook on Cyprus opens with this cheerful greeting: "The Cyprus people welcome the UN International Peace Keeping Force with feelings of relief and absolute confidence."

If Canadian soldiers there could bring themselves to believe that, they would be far happier than they are. As it is, they're convinced that the only Cypriots glad to have them there are shop-keepers, night-club operators and B-girls and the only Canadian thing welcome in Cyprus is Canadian money.

This I discovered not long ago during a visit to Cyprus with a troupe of Canadian entertainers. I imagine that before they get to Cyprus, many Canadian soldiers harbor the same idealistic notion I had about the job to be done there. Canadians in a distant trouble-spot playing that favorite Canadian role of peace-keeping mediator.

But most soldiers aren't there long before they're convinced that their lone duty is really a tour of frustration, which continues day and night whether a man is on duty or off.

Some frustrations, of course, arise out of the uncommon nature of the Cyprus operation. It has rules that go against any soldier's training. He's been taught how to fight a war. But in Cyprus, all he is permitted to do is keep two combatants apart. If a UN soldier catches a Turk or a Greek trying to carry guns or bullets across the line, all he can do is turn the man back; he's not even allowed to confiscate the arms. Yet he knows these guns will be used. Every day, there are reports of shots fired the night before from both sides.

Some incidents are ludicrous. A few Greek (or Turk) fighters decide to build a gun emplacement. They need an axe, so the nearest UN soldier is asked to borrow one for them from the Turks (or Greeks). The axe is borrowed, through the referee, and the work is done. Then the axe is resharpened and returned — again through the Canadian soldier.

"What the hell kind of war is this?" the soldier wants to know.

The answer is that much of it is a propaganda war. Each side will take advantage of the most trifling incident to accuse the UN of favoring the other. The Canadian soldier is under orders to resist his instincts and not give money or food to the refugee children (mostly Turkish) who hang around UN outposts. But he can't won't. If he helps a Turkish urchin, the Greeks accuse the UN of being biased. If he doesn't help the child, the Turks claim the UN force is inhumane.

Nor is the Canadian soldier's morale helped any by stories that have been published by papers back home describing the happy, wild time Our Boys are having on the island paradise. One soldier I met was trembling with rage as he produced a clipping from his wallet. It was from his hometown paper, telling of what a wonderful time the Canadian boys were having in Cyprus. He had received the clipping from his wife — along with a note saying she planned to divorce him.

In reality, the chances of having a good time on an evening's pass are almost nil. A soldier can't leave an evening alone — even an innocent evening — with a respectable girl unless he's engaged to her. An old Cypriot custom permits only engaged girls to go out unchaperoned.

Brothels might be a temptation, even though they're off-limits, but the authorities warn that ninety percent of the prostitutes have venereal disease. (One major told me the Turks deliberately brought in diseased women, presumably from Turkey, to embarrass the UN.)

Nicosia and Kyrenia both have bars and nightclubs, but they're sucker traps. Bigirls and dancers hang around such places, hustling drinks and promising vaguely to let the soldiers take them home after the show. Novices out on no evening's pass are usually parted from their money before they discover what the girls already know: because of the midnight curfew, the soldier has no hope of seeing a girl after the floor show, which doesn't start until 11 p.m.

The curfew itself is another irritation, partly since it's imposed on most ranks but not on officers. There's a reason for it. Cyprus streets are dangerous at night, especially along the Green Line separating Greek from Turk. But the men resent it.

"What kind of sense does it make?" one thirty-six-year old sergeant asked. "A guy my age has been around. I can look out for myself. But I have to be tucked into bed by twelve. Yet a twenty three-year-old lieutenant is presumed to be mature enough to be out at any hour."

When he has a few days' leave, a Canadian soldier can theoretically vacation in Famagusta, a beautiful coastal city. But the army is afraid of its men getting stranded there when they're due back on duty, and so under regulations a soldier must have at least one hundred dollars with him when he goes to Famagusta. Few can scrape up that much money.

These are some reasons why the typical Canadian soldier counts the days until he can leave Cyprus. But there's at least one other. Occasionally, at night, as he stands on duty between the two hostile factions, the stillness is broken by a loudspeaker from the Turkish side. A reale voice, speaking English, will tauntingly suggest that while the soldier is in Cyprus his wife back home is being unfaithful to him.

It's an old propaganda stunt, of course but when you're five thousand miles from home and feeling pretty brassed off anyway it's not hard to believe that the voice could be telling the truth.

ALEX BARRIS

A wild night out for Canucks in Cyprus: Coke and cookies



THE TELEGRAM

Authorized as second-class mail: Post Office Department, Ottawa.

HOW THE FLAG WENT UP IN TUKTOYAKTUK

Just when Maclean's editors felt sure that all significant accounts of Canadian flag-rumings at home and abroad had been published this late dispatch arrived from Tuktoyaktuk, N.W.T., at the mouth of the Mackenzie River. The author is area administrator there for the department of northern affairs and natural resources.

TUKTOYAKTUK: At noon on February 15, throughout Canada and wherever Canadians lived, the Red Ensign was lowered and the new Canadian flag was raised with solemn ceremony. Somehow after the long struggle to have the legislation passed in parliament, the ceremony itself in most parts of Canada probably seemed too short.

Not here in Tuktoyaktuk. There was no Red Ensign to lower because the rope had broken some years ago. Our problem was to raise the new flag. We heard Friday that the flag was to go up Monday; a series of emergency meetings was held. Basically the problem centred around our sixty foot steel flagpole embedded in concrete. The mercury was thirty below with a wind and the pole was coated in ice from a sleet storm.

We could shorter a helicopter but this seemed uneconomical. Someone suggested holding a climbing contest, but besides the ice on the pole there was a hook pointing upward near the bottom, and it would make climbing rather hazardous. Mea Irore the DEW Line were designing a set of electromagnets to make climbing easier but there were technical delays.

We could cut the pole down with a welding torch and then reweld it but we had enough difficulty raising a flag without having to raise a flag-pole as well. Some people thought we should run the flag up the pole near the site of a former school, but it would have little significance waving over a vacant lot.

We could, of course, simply tie the flag up as high as we could reach. But was that any way to treat our new flag?

Finally, desperate, Mr. Roska, the department of northern affairs equipment mechanic, decided to tie a series of short ladders together. The ungainly structure was propped against the pole too long. A section was removed; now it was too short. We climbed on top of a Bombardier snow vehicle and lifted the ladders up against the pole. Several times they twisted in the wind and fell, but at last the bottom ring was jammed into that wicked hook and tied to the pole. Mr. Roska, fully covered by workmen's compensation, then clasped his arm around the pole and carefully climbed a few feet up while we held the ladders. He tied it firmly climbed and tied again, keeping extra pieces of rope clamped between his teeth. As he was half way up, his chattering teeth released the ropes. Down he came and into the office we went to warm up. Then out into the storm again and this time he made it to the top. Several of us then tried to thread a rope through the pulley but a protective cap made this awkward.

By now a fair crowd had gathered, drawn by the sight of us clinging to the top of the swaying pole. Several volunteers tried to push the rope through, but had to climb down in defeat.

We considered tying the flag to the pole but after all this effort it seemed a pity to have to carry the flag up and down the pole morning and night. Finally Mr. Roska tied a piece of wire on the rope to stiffen it and managed to thread it through the pulley. A ragged cheer went up from the freezing crowd below. By now it was after 5 p.m., and the sun had been down for several hours. But on the assumption that somewhere in the world the new flag was being raised we raised ours. The new Canadian flag snapped proudly in the gale and although we could hardly identify it in the snowy darkness, we knew it was our flag.

J. D. FLYNN

ANOTHER DUPLESSIS FOR QUEBEC?

Daniel Johnson has always seemed like a pale successor to "le chef." But now

EVER SINCE he assumed the leadership of the Union Nationale in Quebec in 1961, Daniel Johnson has had diffidently finding an issue on which he could profitably attack Jean Lesage's Liberal government. He has also had problems uniting his party when fell into a state of disarray after the death of *le chef*, Maurice Duplessis. But now it looks as though he has solved both problems at once.

Premier Lesage has displeased a great many people in Quebec by sponsoring a resolution which would in effect ratify a federal government bill to allow amendment of constitutional powers in Canada. These powers now rest with Britain. The proposed change is the so-called Fulton-Favreau amendment formula, and some Quebec intellectuals are attacking it because they feel it would give smaller provinces veto power over Quebec. Johnson has joined the intellectuals labeling the formula a "constitutional corset." He is also using it as a basis for an emotional appeal to Quebeckers — with the inadvertent help of Lesage.

The Quebec premier has been pressed by younger members of his own party and the Union Nationale to call a referendum on the resolution. Lesage has refused, saying in effect that voters and young politicians are *non-instruits*—not well enough educated to understand it. Johnson has turned this remark to his own advantage by suggesting to voters that Lesage has insulted their intelligence.

At the Union's mid-March convention in Montreal, Johnson appeared to have healed an old party split. In 1961, he defeated a youthful reformer and fellow M.L.A. named Jean-Jacques Bertrand to win the leadership. For a long time Bertrand remained aloof from his leader and has even gone so far as to bolt party ranks and vote with the Liberal government on some issues. Then in a show of solidarity at the convention, Bertrand warmly endorsed Johnson's leadership.

In recent speeches Johnson has appealed to extreme opinion in the province. Where Lesage is taking a "Canada first" stand—some say because he has federal ambitions—Johnson is accommodating separatists inside and outside his party. One such overture was the way he spoke sympathetically of nonlinguistic — withdrawing English language rights in Quebec. A resolution to make French the only official language in Quebec never came to a vote at the convention. But Johnson said afterward he is willing to embrace those who espouse the idea—in order to change their view. At the moment, such a proposal is constitutionally impossible and could mean economic suicide, he says; but the matter will still receive serious study by a party policy committee.

Some observers think Johnson is wooing the separatists the way Duplessis courted the nationalists in 1935. More cynical critics claim Johnson is an opportunist who will shift his ground with the changing winds of public opinion. Johnson himself argues that a large body of ultra-nationalistic opinion exists, and unless the UN moves to absorb it, a splinter party will form and could assume power. To prove his point he cites the emergence of Social Credit in Quebec federal politics. If the federal Quebec Conservatives had kept pace with public opinion, Johnson argues, the Quebec Social Credit wing could never have developed.

Whatever ambitions he may have to become another Duplessis, Johnson has already lost claim to one Duplessis distinction. Party members have decided their head man should no longer be *le chef*. Instead from now on he's *le leader*.

SUSAN DEXTER

Daniel Johnson at work: finally, after a four year search, he has found a real live issue



UNCLE SAM'S NEW MOOD: ISOLATIONISM

From now on, a lot more of LBJ's charity will begin at home. Here's why

WASHINGTON: A little-known ventriloquist named Russ Lewis got a big laugh on the *Hollywood Palace* TV show recently with this gag.

Q. Where is the capital of the United States?

A. All over Europe.

That may sound like a familiar old joke but the fact is it fits the new mood here far better than a joke at say, the super patriots of the John Birch Society.

For after ignoring the cry of "Yankee go home!" for two decades, great numbers of Americans are beginning to believe this is good advice after all. They want to run away from what they consider the overly heavy burdens of international responsibility that Washington now bears. They're fed up with the European Common Market, with African nationalists with insults hurled at the United States by tin-pot dictators and angry mobs, and with what they consider the outrageous ingratitude of General Charles de Gaulle.

There are cab drivers, dentists, businessmen and housewives who will all tell you the United States has done enough to save the world from itself, and from now on I'll tell 'em all."

It wouldn't be news if these people were the only ones who thought that way some of them *always* have. But lately they have been joined by many thoughtful liberals, including such long-time internationalists as Senator J. William Fulbright, chairman of the Senate foreign relations committee, and columnist Walter Lippmann. "The time has come," Lippmann declared recently, "to stop beating our heads against stone walls under the illusion that we have been appointed policeman to the human race."

To rationalize their "neo-isolationism," Lippmann and others argue that: The United States has greatly overextended itself in world affairs. U.S.

troops are stationed in thirty other countries. The U.S. government is pledged to defend forty-two countries and is providing aid to one hundred other nations.

"This," as the Wall Street *Journal* put it, "is excessive involvement."

One famous figure who does not agree is Christian Herter, the former secretary of state. In fact he is deeply worried about what he regards as a growing retreat from the world at large. "We are beginning," Herter remarked recently, "to see ... a revival in new forms of an American isolationism which most of us thought had vanished during World War II."

Concurring with Herter Democratic Senator Thomas Dodd rates the new isolationism as "potentially more disastrous than the major external problems that confront us."

But in spite of pleas from men like Herter and Dodd the Johnson administration not only remains sympathetic to the new isolationist view but seems to be actively aiding and abetting it in such critical areas as:

● FOREIGN AID. The amount of money Johnson is asking Congress for this year is the smallest in the entire history of the foreign-aid program.

● MILITARY INVOLVEMENT ABROAD. The U.S. has given serious thought to withdrawing most of its troops from Europe and no longer displays its previous interest in NATO. (Washington seems to have given up almost entirely on promotion of a multi-lateral nuclear force within NATO.)

● TRADE. Johnson's campaign to curb the U.S. balance-of-payments deficit calls for measures so extreme that it is not unfair to regard them as a form of isolationist protectionism. The administration's lessening enthusiasm for the Kennedy round of tariff negotiations meanwhile adds weight to the contention that Johnson is listening to the neo-isolationists.

These and other recent moves have shed a harsh new light on Johnson's Great Society which now appears more clearly to be based on the idea of concentrating more on domestic problems than ever before — at the expense of problems abroad. Certainly they signal an end to the era of Truman, Eisenhower and Kennedy, when the United States actively injected itself into just about every difficult situation that arose anywhere in the world.

From now on it looks as though Washington will move only reluctantly or not at all on international problems where hesitation would recently have been almost unthinkable. Even though the U.S. is deeply involved in Viet Nam — in fact partly *because* it is — Johnson is leading his country away from its role as the world's most active internationalist.

His spokesmen of course deny that Johnson is turning isolationist. They along with such people as Lippman call it simply a realistic cutback from over involvement.

Whatever you call it the U.S. retreat has serious implications for the other nations of the west including Canada. It means that Ottawa, London, Bonn and Paris will all have to take a more active part in international problems. It might mean bigger budgets for foreign aid. Likely it will mean more involvement for Canada and others in such UN jobs as peace-keeping.

Certainly it means Ottawa can no longer look automatically to Washington for action in an outbreak in, say, Africa or the Middle East. In short it means that a substantial part of the burden the Americans have been carrying for the past twenty years will pass to other shoulders — including ours. KNOWLTON NASH

Even long-time internationalists now think President Johnson should dump some of his heaviest foreign burdens



EDITORIAL

We have bigotry all right—but no Alabamas

WE HAVE MUCH SYMPATHY with those who complain that Canadians tend to be self-righteous about other people's troubles. There are some strong comments in the New Testament about the Pharisee's prayer — "I thank Thee Lord, that I am not as other men are" — and about the hypocrite who sees the mote in his neighbor's eye but not the beam in his own. Canadians would do well to remember these texts when they are commenting on American struggles with a racial problem which we in Canada, thank God, do not have to face.

But the anti-Pharisees go too far when they imply that the Canadian pot is as black as the American kettle — that Canadian Indians and Eskimos are as ill-treated as the Negroes of Alabama and Mississippi. This is not true. Except for minor restrictions in some provincial elections, no Indian or Eskimo is denied the right to vote. Nowhere is he the victim of unjust discrimination imposed by law and officialdom.

True, there is discrimination against him in some places and in some ways. True, he has grievances. But the discrimination that exists is an effect of private bigotry and race prejudice, it is not supported by law and enforced by police. The governments of Canada can fairly be accused of doing too little *for* the original inhabitants whose lands our ancestors took and whose people were decimated by white men's diseases and white men's liquor. But the governments of Canada, unlike those of Alabama and Mississippi, cannot be accused of doing any recent wrong *to* the native peoples. In fact, elaborate and expensive attempts have been made to bring them to a position of equality with other citizens.

Perhaps these attempts are too meagre, certainly they have not yet been fully successful. But to say that our inadequacy, perhaps even our neglect, is the same thing as the outright brutality of state troopers in Selma is not merely unfair. It's incompatible with straight thinking and the accurate use of words.

Let's keep automation in its proper perspective

THE FRIGHTENING NOTION that automation is about to throw millions of workers on the labor scrap heap has long been recognized as a phony.

"It's arrant nonsense," a Canadian-born economist at the University of Chicago declared in a recent speech. "There has been a great deal of panicky talk about the dangers of automation, most of it by people who are not economists."

A New York University professor, Peter F. Drucker, says: "Automation is today's fashionable scapegoat." He says there is almost no chronic unemployment in the U.S. and that during the past four years the blue-collar manufacturing jobs — which automation supposedly devours — have been growing particularly fast. The Economic Council of Canada reported in March that there has been no increase in so-called hard-core unemployment since the end of World War II.

For those who have been inhibited by what one debunker calls the "wild speculations of the automation-mongers" this must be cheerful news. Technological development is not going to be stopped. Even to attempt to slow it up would put us in a hopeless competitive position with other industrialized nations.

The experts emphasize, though, that while automation will not decrease the total number of jobs, it will cause social and regional dislocations. Some manual workers will be temporarily unemployed. Some will have to change jobs, move to new communities, be retrained for unfamiliar work. Those who cannot adjust to change will create problems. But North Americans are a resilient and mobile people. One family in five moves every year, one worker in seven changes jobs annually.

The significant thing is the recognition that the popular diagnosis has been wrong, or at least exaggerated. If we understand the social difficulties, surely with the help of management, labor, government and community institutions, plus common sense, we can find solutions.

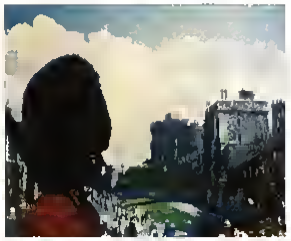


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CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC

Mixed gin drinks from eight of the thirty-nine countries where Gilbey's London Dry is famous

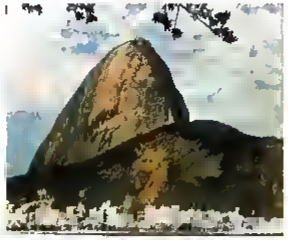
Some gins have rather strong flavouring. Others are utterly tasteless. Gilbey's London Dry has the perfect balance for mixed drinks. A dry flavour that has been the international favourite since 1873. Quite a long time.



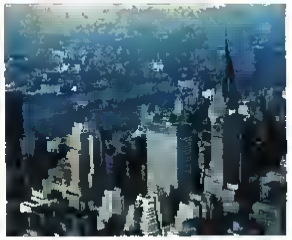
England Gin and It The t ra Italian vermouth yet the drink es very English And very proper before lunch or supper Make with 1 part Italian vermouth 1 part Gilbey s London Dry Serve with ice wichout ice Garnish with maraschino cherry



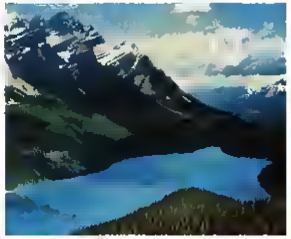
Kenya Gin and Tonic Gilbey s London Dry doesn t dominate your drink as some gins do Pour a generous jigger of Gilbey s London Dry into a glass containing at least 3 ice cubes Then pour tonic slowly down the side Add a lime sl ce *Don t the*



Brazil Orange Blossom Recipe 2 jiggers of Gilbey s London Dry 3 jiggers of orange juice (the frozen kind is quite acceptable) Shake vigorously with crushed ice and strain into a sour glass If you have a sweet palate add a little powdered sugar



U S A Dry Martini There are 5 rules to this classic cocktail A good *dry* gin (Gilbey s London Dry has been famous since 1873) Little French ver mouth Plenty of ice Recommended 1 part French vermouth 6 parts gin Mix quickly and *never* let the ice melt in the shaker



Canada The Gimlet May be prepared and served in the same glass Use 4 measures of G lbey s London Dry Gin add 1 measure of Rose s Lime Juice Cut dial and a little crushed ice Then stir gently in the goblet A thin lime slice is the correct garnish for a gimlet



Australia Gin and Bitter Lemon Pour Gilbey s London Dry Gin over 4 ice cubes in a tall glass. Then pour the Bitter Lemon *slowly* down the side of the glass so you don t waste the lively effervescence Gilbey s London Dry mixes very sociably with this new adult soft drink



France French 75 Named after the famous gun of World War I Mix together 1 jigger G lbey s London Dry ½ jigger lemon juice 1 tsp powdered sugar Pour into tall glass half filled with ice Then fill with chilled champagne It has quite a kick



Hong Kong Tom Collins Pour 1 jigger lemon juice into a tall glass Add 1 tsp powdered sugar 1 jigger Gilbey s London Dry Fill glass with crushed ice and soda Tip stir well before each refreshing drink. This keeps the sugar mixed and the drink effervescing



Any country any time Gilbey s London Dry on the rocks Surprisingly smooth and appable Add a twist of lemon peel if you like When preparing mixed gin drinks *always* go for the cool frosty bottle with the diamond shaped label (above)



in noisy squalor that overflows Commons corridors, newsmen in the Ottawa press corps struggle against time to cover the nation's biggest stories —and mostly they do it well JUNE CALLWOOD tells how they get and give us

THE TRUTH ABOUT PARLIAMENT

IN ANY COUNTRY so large that it isn t feasible for the entire popul lation to collect daily in the market place, it becomes necessary for citizens and their government to find some other method of keeping in touch The system that has evolved in world capitals served by elected governments is an al most total reliance on a gluttonous mass of writers, broadcasters and television commentators known as "the press" whose role has been described momentously as that of writing history on the run

The press corps reporting on government in Ottawa is dignified by a title, the Canadian Parliamentary Press Gallery, and by some ennobling views of its primary function — the essential bridge between parliament and the people" being typical In 1951 Gordon Graydon rose in the House of Commons nodded respectfully toward the shelf of reporters above the Speaker s dais and declared ringingly "The eyes and ears of the people are in that press gallery"

The vision and hearing thus accorded Canadians is far-ranging. The gallery has one hundred and twenty-eight members, including associate and life members who turn out more than a hundred thousand words a day for the more than four million Canadians who read the country s one hundred and fourteen daily newspapers for every Canadian within reach of radio or television, for readers of periodicals, pamphlets and monthly newsletters. Of the gallery s active members, about a fifth (twenty) represent radio or television twelve are French-Canadian correspondents or broadcasters two are women six sixteen represent the country s ubiquitous and reliable wire services The Canadian Press, and thirteen file copy to such foreign press as Russia a / *continued overleaf*

Gallery reporters chat with Tom Kent (back to camera), special assistant to the prime minister. From left: Ron Collister, Toronto Telegram; Tony Westell, Toronto Globe and Mail (facing camera); Doc McGill, ivey Southam News; Wallace Baldwin, Financial Times



PRESS GALLERY Continued

Tuss, the New York *Times*, the *Wall Street Journal* and the *Times* of London.

There is a grave obligation since a bungling or venal press gallery could mislead the electorate, destroy good men, elevate rascals and suffer fools. The gallery sees its role much as did Mackenzie King in 1944 when he observed that it was an "adjunct" of parliament itself.

It therefore is lamentable to witness the indignities that the present press gallery is bearing with keening fortitude. Politicians no longer rise in the House to praise their eyes and ears. Prime ministers view them darkly. In recent years the gallery has endured insult at public meetings such as last summer's Couchiching Conference on television shows such as the CBC's *Inquiry* in magazines and in newspaper editorials from politicians in the House, politicians on the hustings, politicians bellying up to the bar. *A mari usque ad mare* and most unforgivably from its own members. Along with such epithets as "drunks," "incompetents" and "deadbeats," the gallery has been belabored with "dull and pedestrian" (Frank H. Underhill), "servile" (John Diefenbaker) and "mediocre" (Douglas Fisher).

In addition to this rude harassment, the press gallery currently is facing a crisis in its housing arrangements. It is about to be evicted from its sang quarters, three rooms and the corridor in the heart of the Parliament Buildings, for no good reason except that the space, ananally is coodemned by the dominion fire commissioner as a fire hazard, is provided rent free and costs Canadian taxpayers more than one hundred thousand dollars a year, operates rutidly as a blind pig for the distribution of bootleg booze throughout Parliament Hill and has been described by its most charitable admirers as a slum area and a disgrace.

This concentration of maltreatment is rendered the more bitter to bear because the gallery in its hundred-year history has never contained such a high proportion of intelligent, dedicated journalists who have never worked harder, never had such complexities to unravel, never labored under such a pressure of time, competitiveness and rising standards and never before sought more sincerely and mightily for insight and perspective. Its grotesque mischance: the improving professionalism of the present gallery coincides with a record onslaught of hostility from politicians, disdain from intellectuals and skepticism from the public.

This incongruous situation owes much to the current Canadian mood for critical self-examination, a testy nagging for universal excellence that takes the form of dissatisfied analysis of all institutions, both sacred and profane, and often blindly overlooks the emergence of worth in its officiousness to the diminishing supply of numskulls. The Ottawa Press Gallery, clutch of some of the best-paid, most-envied and most influential reporters in the land, actually has not escaped baleful scrutiny, particularly in this shabby period in Canadian history when Parliament Hill's proclivity for theatrics, enhanced, turmoil assures Ottawa datelines of wide readership. Away from the nation's capital, however, most authorities agree that the gallery is able and honest and — despite some bizarre shortcomings — serves its responsibilities well.

Politicians tend to dispute this. some of them slanderously. Among the milder opinions of a taut MP from Jasper-Edson, Progressive Conservative Dr. Hugh Horner, are the convictions that members of the gallery turned against John Diefenbaker because he didn't provide them with free liquor and that the entire gallery hates the entire House of Commons ever since MPs voted themselves a salary increase. "We got a raise and the gallery didn't, so they're sore," he declares. "Ha, most of them couldn't be elected dogcatcher."

The more prevalent view among politicians is an aggrieved complaint that the gallery pounces on a government's mistakes and misdemeanors, then presents a distorted picture to the voters which speedily leads to a change in government. A thoughtful and dignified Progressive Conservative, Gerald Baldwin (Peace River), remarks without rancor: "The gallery definitely can damage a government. For example, the press formed a strong bias against John Diefenbaker when he was prime minister and it was reflected in its news coverage. It's happening again in this scandal thing, in the loose usage of such strong words as 'corruption' and 'bribery.' They are tarring an entire government with them."

Observer Senator Grattan O'Leary, the tough-minded Tory who publishes the Ottawa *Journal* and worked in the gallery in his youth: "The press gallery can't bring down a government all by itself, but it certainly can hasten the process."

The gallery retaliates with the charge that the average MP's notion of unpeccably fair journalism is when his speech is printed in its entirety on the front page of his home-town newspaper. "They don't grasp the nature of news," explains the CBC's respected television commentator Norman DePoe. "There's no drama in a daily item that Flight 539 has landed at Malton after an uneventful flight and all passengers are safe."

Joyce Fairbairn of Free Press Publications talks over a newsbreak with Stu Wilson of the Montreal Star



The bitterness of parliamentarians toward the press in Ottawa can be traced back to the Great Pipeline Debate of 1956, when the Liberal government used closure to terminate discussion in a rebellious House. The press gallery found itself caught up in a spirit of flaming outrage and abandoned all pretensions of writing impartially. The Speaker, for instance, was described as "crooked" and a "self-seeking Liberal hack"; one reporter compared the unhappy man, to his disadvantage, with a bank robber.

"It's embarrassing to read it now," admits George Bain, the Toronto *Globe and Mail*'s deceptively phlegmatic columnist whose playful political sense is approximately as benevolent as a piranha. "It had a shrill tone, but those were wild times. We would sit in the House listening to debate until three in the morning, write our stories and talk a while and then get home at six for about three hours' sleep. It didn't do much for one's objectivity."

The shrillness has abated lately, but the broad axe style of reporting has been retained intact. "The pipeline was a taste of raw meat," notes Blair Fraser, Ottawa editor of *Maclean's*. "Now we can't leave it alone." A scholarly civil servant adds: "Don't quote me, but since the pipeline the real party in opposition is always the parliamentary press gallery."

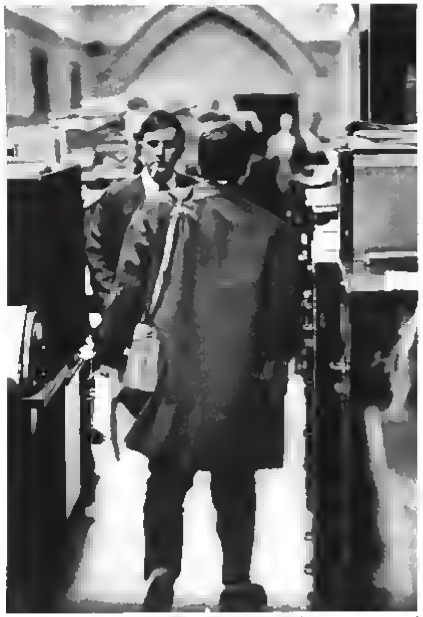
Politicians in both major parties agree. The Liberals are still nursing grudges because of the pipeline, along with fresh wounds identified by a catchall phrase — "the Dorion inquiry and so on." The Progressive Conservatives entered into office in 1957, after the pipeline debate, in a glow of camaraderie with the press gallery to whom they felt linked in eternal brotherhood. This impression disappeared when one of the quirks of John Diefenbaker's nature turned out to be an intolerance of press criticism, which he handled in a forthright manner by scolding writers publicly. Certainly the Progressive Conservative leader is enduring the worst press of any party leader in living memory, a circumstance which owes only part of its cause to unattractive political behavior — Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson, for instance, is an object of affectionate respect in the gallery just now and has escaped much censure in the press for the manifold tribulations of his government.

Point-of-view writing, however, is a taskmaster that demands elevation, or at least a modest mound of research, historical memory and educated judgment. The tone of the gallery since the pipeline debate has been industry and application, disappointing to veterans who fondly recall the boys-dormitory days of the gallery when pranksters set off roman rockets under the desks or burned a reporter's straw hat in his wastepaper basket. Nonetheless, many critics continue to clobber the gallery for a variety of real or imagined faults, among them the technique of interviewing one another, a time-saver that results in stories studded with "well-informed sources claim ..." and may contribute to the frequent manifestation of the gallery phenomenon of Identical Inspiration, in which essentially the same conjectural story appears simultaneously in thirty newspapers across the country.

Gallery members also are accused of role confusion, mistaking their function for party pillar duty, a disorder demonstrated by a helpful disinclination to write stories that would discomfit friendly cabinet ministers, and to write speculative articles on cue to enable a political pal to protect his pardner. This sort of Old World courtesy led the Toronto *Star*'s managing editor Ralph Allen to comment last summer at the Couchiching Conference that "many of the worst Ottawa press gallery reporters are the best informed."

For instance, the Toronto *Tele-*

gram's ... / continued on page 42



John Heaster of Broadcast News (back to camera) threads his way through cluttered gallery



Shoehorned in among files, books and desks, Peter Dempson (right) ponders a story for the Toronto Telegram



At water cooler, Peter Stursberg of Canadian American Service. Antique fans provide "air conditioning"

If Oscar Peterson isn't the greatest living jazz pianist, somebody's fooling his banker

By Jack Batten

THE PIANO THAT OSCAR PETERSON the Canadian jazz musician, played during his concert at Massey Hall in Toronto late last January was his own — a sleek, black, seventy five-hundred-dollar Steinway grand that, on the platform stage suggested nothing so much as a finely tooled racing car. The piano resides for most of the year in an upholstered warehouse stall and is rolled out only infrequently for public appearances. Its attendant Peterson's personal piano tuner, was along too, watching from the wings at Massey Hall a man with an infallible ear and a hovering concern for Steinways.

The concert was by way of being a special occasion for Peterson and he was anxious that everybody, including himself and the grand, perform at a level close to their peak. The concert was, for one thing his first appearance after a rare New Year's layoff in a series that will take him this season back and forth across North America half a dozen times and once around Europe and bring him fees of close to one hundred thousand dollars. It was also his first concert appearance in two years before an audience in Toronto, where he has lived since 1954 when he moved from Montreal, his birthplace. Peterson is one of the few Canadian artists who have reached international success on a grand scale and have retained Canada as their home base, and proudly, he still enjoys huge satisfaction in impressing other Canadians.

Peterson was introduced to the Massey Hall audience with a lavish encomium by a local disc jockey, and the crowd — the house had been sold out two days earlier — hailed him long and vigorously as he walked onstage, a huge coffee-colored man of bearish contour, resplendent in a modish jet tuxedo and laceless patent-leather shoes. His hands and wrists dazzled with gold — gold cufflinks, gold wristwatch band, gold identification bracelet, and a large beveled gold wedding band on his left hand.

His opening selection — played as Peterson's music customarily is, to the rhythm accompaniment of his bassist Ray Brown and his drummer Ed Thigpen — instantly revealed that his celebrated style was intact. He began the number, typically, with a long rhapsodic, out-of tempo introduction, then in an electrifying transition, he launched, in tempo, a series of improvisations that alternated passages of immense full-blooded chords with seemingly endless lines of dazzlingly articulated single-note patterns, all of these taken at a rhythmic clip that never dropped below a steady lope. The number set the pace for the evening the three musicians propelled their jazz with a sweeping momentum that never waned and even the program's ballads though they began gently and sensitively gradually increased in intensity until they too, rocked like down-home revival hymns.

The effect of the music on Peterson's followers was galvanizing. By the third number, a stomping blues tune, most of the audience was tapping swaying and in such restless motion that it seemed as if the floor beneath them must suddenly have grown unbearably hot. Peterson for his part, rocked easily back and forth on his bench, occasionally cocking his head to his left to catch some subtlety of Ray Brown's bass, more rarely surveying the audience apparently absentmindedly, as if he felt a duty to acknowledge that he wasn't after all, playing alone, for his private / *continued on page 24*



Oscar Peterson with his $7500 Steinway, drummer Ed Thigpen and bassist Ray Brown perform at a recent sell-out concert in Toronto's Massey Hall. After the show (right), Peterson unwinds backstage.



QUEBEC'S NEW CLAIM TO BE CALLED NEW FRANCE

Quebec is making a strong quiet drive to broaden contacts with France. French investors are putting money into the province, and there is a brisk two-way trade in culture. But this is no love affair: pure self-interest, not sentiment about a common language, will govern how far each will go. By Blair Fraser



De Gaulle here introduces Premier Lesage (left) to a French headmaster. Is cordial to Quebeckers, but unveils agreements Ottawa may disapprove.

AT TWO O'CLOCK one morning last month Quebec's Premier Jean Lesage was still at work — though he had to be, and was, at his downtown office only six hours later for an early committee meeting. What kept him up late was an odd task for the head of a government. He was correcting the French style of a White Paper about to be issued by one of his government's departments.

"It was full of anglicisms," Lesage said ruefully to a friend next day. "Especially words spelled the same that have different meanings in French and in English — time after time they'd be used to the English sense. We've made a lot of progress in the past five years, but I'm still a long way from satisfied."

This incident demonstrates one motive, and not the least important, for Quebec's current drive to broaden and deepen all channels of contact with France. Sometimes the motive is obvious, as in the educational program arranged by Quebec and France in February: it provides among other things that some Quebec teachers of French will go to France for study, and French school inspectors and normal-college professors will come to Quebec to advise the education department. It's less obvious but equally true that even in purely economic matters, the same motive is present — Quebec's implacable resolve to strengthen its position as a French-speaking province and the custodian of French culture in North America.

So far, results of the *rapprochement* between Quebec and France have included the following:

- Paris and Montreal will spend twenty million dollars on a "Paris-Montreal Monument," a tower three hundred and twenty-five metres high, for Expo 67 in Montreal.
- France will spend twelve million dollars on its national exhibit, the largest yet announced by any country.
- French engineers helped design the Montreal subway, which will use French cars.
- Through a curious kind of partnership between Quebec's government-supported General Investment Corporation and two French motor-makers, a new assembly plant will soon turn out eight thousand Renault and Peugeot cars at St. Bruno, Que.
- French economists and engineers did the preliminary surveys for the two-hundred-million-dollar steel complex that Quebec will build, with a mixture of public and private capital, in the St. Lawrence Valley.
- French investors own fifty-one percent, Quebec's General Investment Corporation forty-nine percent, of a plant at Laprairie, near Montreal, making insulators for the recently nationalized Hydro Quebec.
- French capital has a share in a fertilizer plant at Valleyfield, Que., owned in equal proportions by French, Belgian and English-Canadian groups, and by Quebec's General Investment Corporation.
- French art and theatre are being brought to Quebec in greater volume (most recent example: the largest exhibition of Rouault paintings and drawings ever shown outside France). At the same time, Quebec theatre groups are sent to France with financial aid from the Quebec government.

All this has led some observers to talk of a "love affair" between De Gaulle's France and the quietly revolutionary regime that came to power in Quebec five years ago. The metaphor is ill-chosen. This is no love affair. Neither in Quebec City nor Paris is there any evidence of sentiment in the transactions between them. These are hard-headed deals of mutual interest, friendly but not altruistic.

René Lévesque, the fiery nationalist who is Quebec minister of natural resources, explained why he and his colleagues look oftener to France than to other sources of investment. "French Canadians should take control of Quebec's economic affairs as soon as possible. One major factor is that our economy has got to become French-speaking. French must become the working language. An obvious way to speed that process is to bring in French companies, French technicians, French advisers."

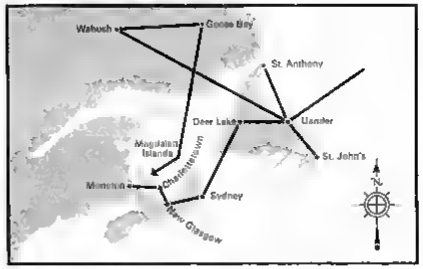
Jean Paul Gignac, who heads Hydro Quebec, put the same thought even more bluntly. "French companies speak French. They might . . . I won't say *force*, but let's say *invite* other companies in Quebec to do the same."

Gignac says frankly he is using the buying power of Hydro Quebec to induce French companies to manufacture electrical equipment in the province. He and Gérard Filion, president of the General Investment Corporation, got French investors interested in the insulator plant at Laprairie so far Hydro Quebec is its only customer. Gignac also persuaded a French electrical firm to have some equipment made under licence by a French-Canadian company at Sorel. Both projects originated at a French industrial exhibition in Montreal where, says Gignac, "I used the opportunity to speak to French industrialists about their attitude toward Quebec, ever since 1760!"

APPARENTLY this attitude hasn't changed as much as Quebec might wish.

"That's one hurdle we haven't yet cleared," René Lévesque said with a wry smile. "As George Bernard Shaw said about the English and Americans, we have between us the barrier of a common language. And the few Frenchmen who think of Canada at all have an ingrained habit of turning to Toronto or St. James Street (Montreal's financial district, dominated by English Canadians). Why deal with the hired hands when you can / *continued on page 26*

The airline that goes almost anywhere and does practically everything



For 15 days Edna Staebler crisscrossed remote wilds shown below, on a flight mapped above, as a passenger on Eastern Provincial Airways. Here is her report

IT WAS GETTING monotonous. We had flown more than two hundred miles out over the North Atlantic from the Newfoundland coast and seen only grey sky and greyer water. I was in the cockpit of the DC3. Captain Vince Keyes had lent me his seat. Copilot Syd Greeley was beside me at the controls. He caught me yawning and grinned. "It may seem quiet now," he said through the earphones, "but wait till we come to some ships."

"Do you always see ships?"

"Always."

We droned on. Then suddenly Greeley pointed. "Look! If the ships now — there must be a dozen. You'll have to go back and let Keyes in. It takes both of us for the bombing."

Keyes was waiting. He transferred the earphones to his head as I slid from his seat. The plane swooped low and Keyes opened a little side window and thrust out a bundle of leaflets. They fluttered down like snowflakes on an East German trawler. The DC3 climbed, then swooped again while Keyes aimed a camera and photographed it. Two more climbs, two more swoops to take pictures — one instant I seemed to weigh five hundred pounds and be sinking through the fuselage, and next instant to be floating — then we leveled off and headed upwind to another trawler, a Pole. We kept repeating it until we had scattered every deck in the convoy of fishing vessels with sheets that said in Portuguese, Spanish, French, German, Russian and English: "*Caution please, caption — you are dangerously close to important*" *continued on page 51*



Where gourmet masterpieces look like pictures and taste like dreams

IT SEEMS UNLIKELY that more than one Canadian in ten has ever heard of Quebec's annual Grand Salon Culinaire. This is ironical because, among true gourmets, its fame has encircled the world. There are similar events in Paris, London, New York, but Quebec's is the largest, the most varied and, in the opinion of many authorities, by long odds the best.

When it was held this year at Montreal's Show Mart, ten thousand food experts of one kind or another and one hundred thousand other spectators who aren't professionals but think of cooking as an art that adds to the joy of living, shuffled slowly by the displays, eyes wide, mouths watering.

The judging got off to a late start: the judges, gourmets all, couldn't tear themselves away from a magnificent lunch until mid-afternoon. But then they worked imperturbably, surrounded by the jostling crowd.

It was a remarkable scene — tables laden with delicacies presented in every imaginable shape. There were churches, skyscrapers, ships at anchor, ships in full sail, a nightclub with musicians of stuffed turkeys and dancing girls of chicken, lacy pyramiding wedding cakes, huge trays of red leering Alaska King crabs, intricately decorated leaping salmon, meat pies with tempting cut slices just beyond the reach of outstretched hands, candy fruits and flowers, an elegant hat fashioned by the great pastry chef, Pellerino of the Ritz.

Sprinkled through the crowd were scores of nuns from convents, hospitals and other religious institutions looking for ways to make the food they serve tastier and more attractive. At one end of the hall, they watched intently a competition for Canada's most talented young apprentice chefs, each of whom concocted, among other things, *huîtes bonne femme* (oysters simmered in a pan, then put back in their shells with a mixture of finely chopped shallots, finely chopped mushrooms and a sauce of white wine and cream, and baked in the oven).

When the big art show for chefs ended, I had a lucky opportunity to sample some of the prize-winning dishes. My favorite: *cailles aux raisins*, prepared by Firmin Etchart of Montreal's Chez Bourgetel who served his apprenticeship in some of the finest kitchens in France. The recipe:

Stuff quails (Cornish hens can be substituted) with a top quality imported *foie gras* and roast them, basting often with butter. For sauce, add white wine, cognac and seedless grapes to the pan, after removing birds, and simmer. Put the birds on croutons spread with *foie gras*, pour the sauce over them and surround with paper-thin nests of fried potatoes filled with tiny egg-shaped potato balls sautéed golden brown.

It is a feast obviously that takes more doing than a frozen TV dinner. But if wives could only cook like Maestro Etchart, I suspect that our divorce statistics would drop sharply.

KEN JOHNSTONE



Young apprentice chefs above compete four at a time during show, preparing an oyster dish. Below, a group of visiting nuns closely inspect an elaborate entry topped with a coach-and-six.



One of the show's judges, Joseph Odermatt, calculates score for an intricate pastry cathedral. Comic chef figures below get a laugh from teenage girls.



Chef Jean Pierre Massard (wearing hat, above) sets up his late entry, "Fish In A Boat." Below, spectators register interest — and skepticism? — during a demonstration. At right, two visitors study a display with seeming misgivings.









Robert Thomas Allen's sentimental journeys

3: OLD FRANCE

Ahead lay the storybook past: Brouage, birthplace of Champlain, and Carcassonne, immortalized for schoolboys in classroom verse – spired treasuries of castles and moats and memories of daring men vanishing over the horizon toward the New World

WHEN I WAS A SCHOOLBOY in Toronto I wasn't very good at things like dates of coronations or the forming of parliaments but whenever I read something like "At last the right man was found for the job: Samuel de Champlain, a hardy sailor from Brouage in Brittany," I'd hear the creaking of masts and crash of seas and look out over Percy Waters Florists or O'Leary's grocery store to a little village in France with hay stacks, chickens and cows delightfully located right outside the back doors, and I'd resolve that some day I was going to go there. When I went to high school I added another place I was going to visit as soon as I was old enough to be a dropout and see the world: a medieval city named in a French poem we studied about a peasant "bent with age" who dreamed of going to Carcassonne.

I dreamed of Carcassonne and Brouage myself on and off for the next thirty-five years and when I finally made my first trip to Europe I'd made up my mind that I was going to see both these places. But although Carcassonne is well known when I reached Paris and started making inquiries about Brouage I thought for a while that I was the only person who had ever heard of either Brouage or Champlain. I mentioned both to an English woman at the American Express office in Paris and she said vaguely that they made very good champagne in Montpellier, and I told her it wasn't a drink, it was a man, the founder of Canada. A dapper little guy at the Hertz rental office who burst out laughing when he said "Hertz puts you in the driver's seat," had never heard of Champlain either but was very polite about that and went to a great deal of trouble to find where Brouage was on a map. And another man with a Charles Boyer accent told me that I could get there by tram by way of La Rochelle, a town he knew well as when he was a boy his parents had put him in a sort of reform school there so that he couldn't see so many girls, upon which he philosophized that we should all remember these things when dealing with our own children and that we all did the same things when we were young and that it was all a bit of a joke, monsieur, us pretending that we didn't.

The train to La Rochelle goes through flat farmlands, past shabby grey stone fences and buildings green crops and beyreks shaped like little cottages. My compartment companion on the train was a shy young girl student with a heart-shaped face, sleek head and slanting eyes, who was majoring in English at the University of Poitiers and who took the opportunity to exercise her very precise birdlike English pronunciation but had never heard of Brouage. When she left, her place was taken by a dark pasty-faced man in a blue suit and black-rimmed glasses, whom I took to be a businessman on his way to make an important sales pitch. He sat at the window, papers spread out on a pull-out table, talking to himself. He was tense and nervous and altogether a Frenchman as far removed from such things as the Can Can, existentialism and pop art as you can get. He gave silent mirthless little laughs, moved his lips, dropped his pen. I hope his speech was a big success and that at this moment he and his six children are lying on the beach at Nice, getting a suntan.

You change trains at La Rochelle for a short twenty-minute run to Rochefort, a market town that appears at times to be populated exclusively by people on bicycles, all wearing berets or black kerchiefs. The town reminds you somehow of many Ontario villages, with straight drab streets flanked by flat walls of store fronts, yet you could be lowered there blindfolded by helicopter and know that you were in France. I don't know what it is—something about the pastel colors of the buildings, a pretty peculiar Norway effect that begins and ends in France. I was there during a countrywide electric power strike and was able to wander around this ancient town when it was lit only by the moon and a few candles gleaming behind shuttered windows. It looked surprisingly as I remember the desert town of Needles, California, with its white stucco or stone walls and silvery rooftops. There was a clear blue-black sky with Cygnus and Cassiopeia shining in exactly the same place they shone for the first navigators who felt this region to cross the Atlantic and once as if with a nice sense of theatre, a couple of old men passed me wearing wooden shoes. I was on the street just before the power strike ended and when the lights started to come on while a group of sailors marched down the sidewalk, going "Ah *oh* AH!" in time to the surges of electric power, it was like the curtain going up at the end of a play, and one that I'm glad I didn't miss.

Next day a vivacious auburn-haired woman in L'Empereur Bar, who looked like Jeanmaire and very much of this century, recommended a taxi driver who would take me to Brouage—a lean, taut-looking man in his early thirties who wore a leather jacket and peaked cap, leaned over his steering wheel and drove like a fiend. He occasionally patted his car, a Citroën which he said would do one hundred and seventy kilometers an hour. His English was spotty and he said: "It is possible" whenever he didn't know what I'd asked him, but he was an enthusiastic and conscientious guide. He said he used to do a lot of hunting until he got married then his wife stopped him hunting and doing a lot of other things. All she'd let him do was work, he said, rolling his eyes.

He identified all birds on the way according to whether they were tough to eat or made good pies. I'd see a bird by the road in a quiet marshy countryside and ask him what kind it was. "Tough," he'd say, slapping the instrument panel of his Citroën to indicate just how tough, wheeling out to pass a truck or another car.

"What kind of a bird is *that*?" I'd ask.

"Delicious," he'd say.

We made a few wrong turns and had to double back through the flat deserted countryside and a couple of times my driver had to pull over and study some road signs, talking to himself in French. But finally we were approaching the outer wall of Brouage, a remote and forgotten crumbling stone town originally on the sea but now three miles inland amid lonely salt marshes. The driver walked around getting directions to Champlain's house from kids as shy as meadow mice. A little girl of about eight looked up from her housework, holding a broom, and directed us to a stone cottage where a handsome friendly middle-aged woman with a ruddy oval face appeared, bunted back a big German Shepherd that tried to get past her out the door, and invited us into her cottage which smelled deliciously of soup. She brought out a booklet on Brouage and Champlain, then put on a sweater and a kerchief and took us through some grassy lanes onto the ramparts of the old town where we could look out over a great wet sweep of marshland. The only sign of life visible was a distant hunter prowling the bank of a little stream.

Brouage is quietly encouraging tourists, not only as the birthplace of Champlain, but as the site of an ancient fortressed town that was once the second harbor in France. You can see the old canon ramps and arsenals that were used in holding off raids from La Rochelle and sieges that took place when Champlain was a boy. The woman leading us between two rows of ancient crumbling foundations explained that Champlain had lived in more than one house there (she also scrapulously mentioned that he sailed for North America not from Brouage but from Honfleur) and she took us to the ruins of the house generally believed to be his birthplace. She kept on walking, talking to the cab driver who I suspect had never heard of Champlain before and was intrigued by all this New World history lying within fifteen miles of his back stand, and while they went ahead I hung back and entered an old overgrown gate and stood in a patch of weeds inside the stone walls looking across what used to be the harbor of Brouage, and the lonely flatlands where once lay the sea.

Bare fruit trees are visible over the surrounding walls, and all of the town of Brouage seems close enough to hit with an iroquois arrow, and it's not hard to imagine Champlain looking out at a very similar sight while he pondered the shape of North America, which in those days was more of an enigma than outer space today. The place has a feeling of having lain fallow ever since as if the people of Champlain's day had been left there, cut off from the world by some natural catastrophe such as a flood. It doesn't take much of an effort to imagine that the residents are still waiting for Champlain to come back and have no idea that the New World has been settled and has progressed to electric toothbrushes and shopping plazas since he left.

I traveled by train again from Rochefort to Carcassonne, a trip that takes you through the first big vineyards of southern France. The countryside changes gradually until in places it looks a bit like Florida, with subtropical greens and some palms. During the trip a jaunty little bald man with an artificial hand opened his wallet and showed me some kind of document pointed to a little plate on the window seat which, as far as I could make out, said war amputees had priority to the window seats, but when I got up, he insisted that I stay there, adding polite apologies for disturbing me. Then he told another Frenchman in the compartment a story that ended with him singing two bars from *It's A Long Way To Tipperary*. He turned to me and got out of me somehow, mostly by sign language, that I was going to Carcassonne and had no hotel reservation, and when we arrived at the city, signaled me to follow him and led me briskly without another word from the station to a nearby hotel. He spoke to the desk clerk, made a little bow and left. I was shown to the best room I had during my entire tour of Europe—a stately circular chamber with gilt-and-crystal chandelier, balconies, brocaded drapes, elegant bed, ge and brown telephone and a bathroom half the size of my living room all for seven dollars, including service charge.

The town is a quaint and cluttered jumble of treed boulevards, market place and narrow crowded streets, with the central part crossed by the Midi canal which extends from the Mediterranean through the southern part of France. But the outstanding sight is the old upper city. One thing I missed coming to Carcassonne by train was the sight of this from the distance which I understand you get driving in from the north by car. I did get this distant look at it a couple of days later, though, and it's like something right out of a book of fairy tales—a cluster of spires, turrets, castle walls and conical towers, some of which were built by the Visigoths who sacked Rome and most of which was built no later than the thirteenth century. I went there after sundown, but while it was still light, when the twilight gave a pale yellowish light to the green grass of the lists, and sharpened the dark green of the cypress trees that bowed over the ancient moats, across from the castle walls, I began to feel smaller and smaller as I came up close beneath towers with historic names that sound like moves in a chess game: the Bishop's Round Tower, the Cahuzac Tower, the Mipadre, Saint Nazaire, Balthazar and Pio Towers. I crossed a heavily chained drawbridge, climbed a winding road toward the courtyard of an enormous castle built by the rulers of Carcassonne. There was hardly anyone around. I stopped a youngster to ask about getting inside the castle, which, I discovered, is occupied by the families of the people who superintend the area, and I had the strange experience of standing over a moat in the middle of a thirteenth-century drawbridge trying to talk a twentieth-century school girl on a bike into letting me into her castle — which she said was impossible, *monsieur*, as it was after hours. But what I did was just as good. I wandered around inside the walled city, a kind of feudal age ghost town. The stone streets are narrow, crooked and steep, so that you're down in a stone slot looking up past the ancient castle towers at the moon and beginning to wonder a bit apprehensively if they pull up the drawbridge at night.

My last look at Carcassonne was a peculiarly fitting one for the place I'd thought of periodically ever since the days when I stood in a Toronto school room, my chin buried in my slip-on bow tie, struggling through the lines: *Je me fais vieux / J'ai soixante ans / J'ai travaillé toute ma vie*," about the peasant who was sixty years old and had worked all his life without ever fulfilling his desire to see Carcassonne. I wanted another look at the upper city and next day I decided to walk there and back before it was time to catch my train. It was a sunny Sunday morning. I climbed up through the old town. The distant spires didn't seem to get any closer. I looked at my watch and walked faster. By the time I reached the drawbridge I had to stop and catch my breath and get rid of a kink I got in my back now when I hurry. The city was gleaming around me in the sunlight, serene and ancient and regal.

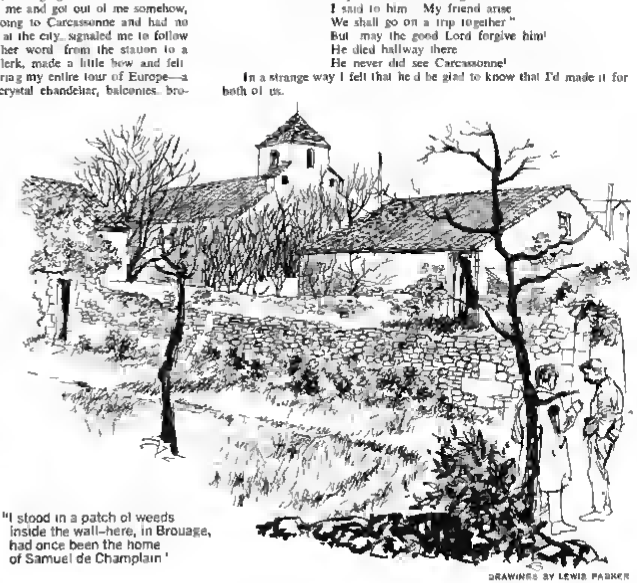
The last lines of the poem I'd struggled with in school are:

Thus lamented near to Limoux,
A peasant bent with age.
I said to him: "My friend arise.
We shall go on a trip together."
But may the good Lord forgive him!
He died halfway there.
He never did see Carcassonne!

In a strange way I felt that he'd be glad to know that I'd made it for both of us.



'This was Carcassonne – a cluster of walls and turrets, a fairy tale fortress city built in the 13th century."

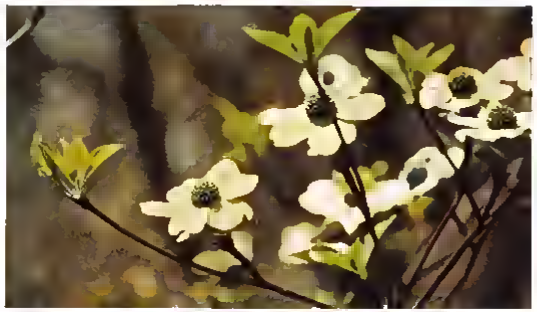


"I stood in a patch of weeds inside the wall–here, in Brouage, had once been the home of Samuel de Champlain."

DRAWINGS BY LEWIS PARKER

How the provinces proclaim themselves with flowers





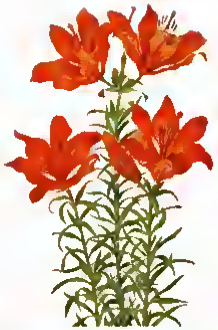
British Columbia: The Pacific Dogwood, which officially became the floral emblem of the province in 1956, is to be found only in the southwestern section of B.C.

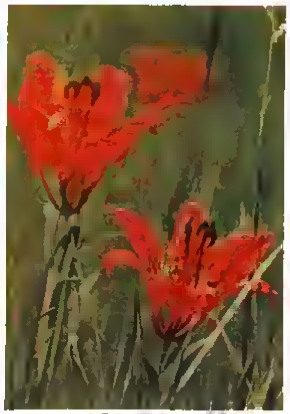
THE FACE OF BEAUTY has many expressions as the flower portraits on these and the two following pages so charmingly proclaim. They are the official flowers of the ten provinces painted by Emily Sartain, of Victoria, an artist who specializes in wild flowers and photographed by Gene Aliman, a Toronto art director whose hobby is finding and photographing perfect specimens of flowers in their natural habitat.

Miss Sartain might be called a flower painter by appointment to the British royal family. The late Queen Mary bought the first picture she exhibited at the Society of Women Artists in London in 1932. She is the only living artist who has contributed more than one page to a unique book, the Royal Autograph Album, in which are inscribed the signatures of royal patrons of the Royal Horticultural Society over the past century and a half. The five pages painted by Miss Sartain were signed by King George VI, Queen Elizabeth, Queen Mother Elizabeth, King Gustav and Queen Louise of Sweden. Miss Sartain was chosen to design ten of the panels — with a floral theme, of course — which were worked in gros point for a needlepoint carpet for Queen Mother Elizabeth.

Although they work in different media, the methods of the two flower portraitists are essentially similar. Like Gene Aliman, Miss Sartain seeks out her subject where it grows, selects a good specimen, and makes detailed sketches. Then she gathers a few models — very few, because she is a dedicated conservationist — to take back to her studio for the finished portrait. In addition to paintings that hang in many galleries, Miss Sartain's flower portraits appear in flower books, on greeting cards and on stationery.

Aliman, who started photographing wild flowers as a hobby only five years ago, has photographed more than two hundred varieties. A reviewer who was first exposed to a gallery of Aliman portraits not long ago wrote: "Aliman intends his trophies to be a far cry from the standard botanical record of uprooted plant splayed upon brown paper. Instead, he has attempted studies that will duplicate his own moments of private discovery in tramps through fields and woods. Some are startled closeups: the crisp translucent flesh of a perfect jack-in-the-pulpit growing high on a boulder, or the secret flamboyance of the tiny jewelweed; some are impressionist — buttercups in the wind, a smear of blithe summer yellow against summer green. A number, especially toward fall, are abstracts: flower skeletons or dry pods, or the mottle-pattern of dying leaves, like metal-foil paper."





Saskatchewan: The brilliant Prairie Lily, or Western Lily, was made "official" in 1941.



Manitoba: The Prairie Crocus, or Pasque Flower, in 1906 became the first provincial flower on the prairies. The name Pasque refers to Paschal, or Easter, season.





Alberta: Found throughout Canada, the Wild Rose, or Prickly Rose, was made Alberta's symbol in 1930.



Continued overleaf





Ontario. Early May is blossom time for the White Trillium, floral emblem of Ontario since 1937 when it was recommended by the Ontario Horticultural Society for honor





Quebec. Choice of Garden or Ma[illegible]ly in 63 disappointed some who wanted Wild Iris



Nova Scotia. Trailing Arbutus, commonly known as the Mayflower, was known to the earliest pioneers of Nova Scotia, and was chosen to be the official flower in 1901





Prince Edward Island. An exotic jut-jawed native orchid, with hairy stem and leaves —the Showy Lady's Slipper—was the 1947 choice of Canada's smallest province

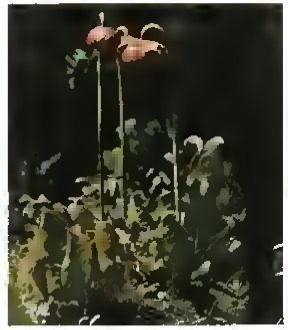






New Brunswick. Adopted in 1936, this Purple Violet is known to botanists as *Viola cucullata*—*cucullata* meaning hooded, describing leaves resembling monks' hoods





Newfoundland. The Pitcher Plant was recommended by Queen Victoria, adopted in 1954

He's a jazz-world curiosity: applauding audiences have always been there

OSCAR PETERSON
continued from page 12

pleasure. Between numbers he mopped his face with a Brobdingnagian handkerchief and with the other men executed low, self-conscious bows in return for his fans' acclaim. His final selection, after more than an hour's music took him out with a great rushing *Rite Of The Valkyries* denouement and to the best showbusiness tradition it left the audience still cheering when the lights came on.

Backstage Peterson pronounced himself satisfied with the evening.

PETERSON'S SUCCESS in drawing large audiences and filling them with fervor and excitement — and the affluence that has resulted — set him uniquely apart from all but a handful of other jazz musicians. The world of jazz, contrary to popular "square" belief, is not one of happy feet and jolly musicians. It is rather a world that is narrow, cramped and that teeters forever on the brink of squalor. There are, to begin with, far more jazz musicians than there is audience for. In New York City, the world's capital of jazz, perhaps three musicians in a hundred hold down regular jobs. The rest scramble for odd one-nighters ("gigs"), work in the post office, live on peanut butter and candy drink, practise their horns and turn bitter.

Those who do work play in night clubs that more often than not are fronts for gangsters whose concern for an aesthetic atmosphere is minimal. In clubs and out, jazz musicians are common targets for fast-shuffling booking agents and recording executives, narcotics peddlers, B-girls, heavy-fisted policemen and out-of-town conventioneers. If the musicians are Negroes, they contend with various stealthy manifestations of Jim Crow, and if they're white, then they encounter Crow Jim, a device by which some colored musicians attempt to protect their stake in their music. Jazz musicians live in a world in short, in which they waste their energies on noncreative activities.

The musicians who make a financial or artistic success, must, for the most part, suffer for their success—to the gazzman's phrase, they "pay their dues." Charles Parker, the undisputed genius of modern jazz, died ten years ago at thirty-four, a pauper, with the wasted body of a man twice his age. Miles Davis, a trumpeter with a matchless style, a devoted following and a Manhattan townhouse had first to endure ten years of neglect and a debilitating narcotics habit.

Against this background then, Oscar Peterson's career has been uniquely blessed, and in many ways, he is a curiosity in this world of jazz. For him at any rate, applauding audiences such as the one in Massey Hall have always been there, and the affluence—though his childhood was marked by fairly difficult poverty—came quickly. And if he's paid any dues — he drinks moderately, smokes a pipe, stays away from junkies—he's paid them in his family relationships. His present wife is his second; his first, Peterson's childhood sweetheart, has custody of their five children. Peterson sadly is a visiting day father.

Even his entry into jazz occurred with astonishing ease — occurred in fact, in the manner of a success story that hasn't been matched outside of the Hollywood movie of the late 1930s in which James Cagney, in one scene a mere paperboy who practised the violin nights, achieved sudden eminence one reel later as, yes, a symphony conductor. Peterson in the same style emerged out of the audience onto the stage at Carnegie Hall on the night of September 18, 1949 to wipe reeve reviews in *Down Beat* magazine and an international audience that has never deserted him.

Of course there was preparation behind that great event. Back home in Montreal Peterson had been playing the piano for fifteen years, since he was seven years old, and playing jazz for ten of those fifteen years. His music had brought him, in Canada, two radio programs of his own, a recording contract and modest fame. He had indeed devoted himself singlemindedly to the business of constructing a career in jazz. There was only one faltering moment when he briefly abandoned the piano to become a traveler. "I seemed to have done everything I could do," he says now. He was eighteen at the time.

His local celebrity inevitably spread to the United States and in the late 1940s American musicians visiting Montreal made a point of testing Peterson's talent. He passed easily; he was judged good enough to attract offers to move into the big time from the likes of Jimmy Lunceford and Count Basie. But Peterson turned them all down on the modest grounds that he didn't consider himself ready until he accepted a proposal from Norman Granz, an impresario who is to jazz, of the stature of Sol Hurok.

Granz planted Peterson in the Carnegie Hall audience and called him onstage in the company of some of the great jazz names of the day, as a "surprise" guest. In the issue of *Down Beat* that followed the concert, its critic, ignoring the great jazz names enthroned that night, voted the young Canadian pianist stopped the Norman Granz Jazz at the Philharmonic concert dead cold in its tracks. In retrospect, Peterson's future was sealed from that event. He had begun a career that was to carry him in a straight line — with no sidetracks, no prod offices jobs, no odd gigs, penniless or hitterness — past that other, bigger, sordid world of jazz.

The trio that Peterson formed in 1951 with Granz as his mentor and sponsor, and began leading on annual tours of the world's jazz centres, has become not merely a vehicle for making music but also the basis of a formidable corporate empire. Peterson is the principal of one company, Regal Recordings Limited, into which he pours the earnings from the trio's concert appearances (up to twenty-five hundred dollars per night), night club dates (up to forty-five hundred per week), and record royalties (a fluctuating percentage of album sales which are usually guaranteed to reach fifteen thousand per album). And from which he pays the trio's expenses including the salaries for Brown and Thigpen. Peterson also presides over Tinn Music Limited, a firm which publishes his compositions and collects performing royalties on them.

Brown, his [illegible] partners, Ray Brown Music Limited which markets bass strings, reeds, stands. Brown's compositions [which include *Gravy Waltz*, a recent Top Forty tune] a book he wrote on bass playing, and a book that tells beginners how to play jazz piano, [illegible] by Peterson. And Thigpen prides over a fourth company, Ed Thigpen Productions Limited, which offers as its chief product him [illegible] book, and drumming, by its president.

To judge from the steady sales of all these products, there is a ready market for them among the hundreds of thousands of jazz fans who have made Peterson's popularity, and that of his trio's, unquestioned, mining them from the start. Since 1954, in the annual *Down Beat* readers poll, the Academy Awards of jazz, Peterson has placed first in the pianist category.



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eleven times; second three times and third once. He has won similar polls in *Playboy*, *Metronome*, *Le Jazz Hot*, and a jazz magazine in Japan.

Still with all the evidence of acclaim and prosperity, Peterson is *not* entirely accepted. And it is precisely in the world of jazz he has largely bypassed that rejection of his music is centred. His jazz, in fact, is scorned by a great number of the young musicians who make their music the hard way in New York City. And he has been savaged, perhaps more brutally than any other top musician, by the New York critics.

"Oscar makes me sick," Miles Davis says. "He even had to *learn* to play the blues."

"Peterson's playing continues to be a plodding mash from the leavings of Art Tatum, Nat Cole and Teddy Wilson," Whitney Balliett, the *New Yorker's* jazz critic, recently wrote. "That he stirs it so vigorously fools most of the people most of the time."

The trouble with Peterson's music, in these men's view, appears to be that it is jazz without meaning. When Peterson defines jazz as something that "represents an honest, sincere projection of happy improvised music," he is anathema to the musicians who consider jazz to be an art as serious as any art. To them, Peterson's jazz, for all its rattling intensity, produces only a dull, settled, bourgeois response. It is much like the music of that other Canadian popular artist, Gisèle MacKenzie: pleasant, but no one would ever mistake it for a deep emotional experience.

Most of us have been bored by the monotony of Peterson's mechanical pyrotechnics," one critic wrote in *Jazz Review*, "but it is hard to convey their meaninglessness in words."

All of this puts Peterson in the position of a man who cries all the way to the bank. He hardly resents his critics and he makes no secret of his admiration for the jazz pianists of the 1930s, Tatum and Wilson, whom he regards as superior artisans to the current group of *avant garde* players. Understandably too, he prefers to accept the opinion of Leonard Feather, probably the most widely read jazz critic in North America, who sums up Peterson's career simply and positively: "Oscar Peterson is the greatest living jazz pianist." But *that* problem isn't really concerning Peterson these days anyway. He is too busy planning the new house he's building this summer in Kleinberg, a select Toronto exurb. The house was designed by a chic architect named Ray Moriyama and it'll have Peterson plans: one room big enough and regal enough to house that sleek, black, seventy five-hundred-dollar Steinway grand. ★

Let France invest; understanding can wait

FRANCE AND QUEBEC

continued from page 14

deal with the boss? And of course the French still think we French Canadians are the hired hands, and English Canada the boss."

But Lévesque is not discouraged about French interest in Quebec. French investors, unlike American, have no prejudice against the mixed projects, using both private and public capital that Lévesque and his colleagues hope to promote. After mentioning several French financiers who have come or are coming to look into Quebec investments, Lévesque said: "This is more important than what the French *think* about us. It's also more important than a lot of legendary stuff about our common origins — although that's important too."

On the cultural side not much was done until Pierre Laporte, a Montreal ex-newspaperman, took over last September as Quebec minister of cultural affairs. He set up a six-man committee to plan a cultural program which will be outlined in a White Paper, probably next month. "Then," says Laporte, "we shall have a clearer idea what our relations with France should be."

Meanwhile Laporte has been helping Quebec theatre groups to visit France. One, *Le Rideau Vert*, visited Paris a year ago and was invited again last season; it was enabled to accept by a Quebec grant of forty thousand dollars. Another Quebec venture into the Parisian theatrical world was the visit of Félix Leclerc and his *Pain Bonheur* troupe in December. Leclerc's comedians got rough treatment from the Paris critics, but, says Laporte, "we think we should send our artists to France anyway, even if they are criticized harshly, so they can learn what real French theatre is like."

Laporte thinks that in doing so, and in bringing things here from France, he is serving all Canada. "I believe we are a bicultural country, and it's Quebec's responsibility to give Canada the best possible French culture. The source, naturally, is France, but I hope to bring French culture to all ten provinces. Certainly we are willing to spend Quebec money to send French-speaking groups across Canada."

This willingness has already been proved. When students at the University of Alberta organized a "French Canada Week" two months ago, Laporte's department spent five thousand dollars to send them an exhibit.

But except for incidental strengthening of the French language in Canada, Quebec has no more interest in investment from France than from other European countries (though there is a definite intention to offset the predominance of American and British capital). "I think our best source of money is West Germany," one Quebec civil servant said. The man who looks after economic affairs at the Paris Maison du Québec, a French Canadian with the splendidly

continued on page 41



Photo courtesy Pan American Airways

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Early Quebec washstand — mid 19th century. Part of Canada's tradition of honest craftsmanship



Wiser's whiskies are older in virtually every price class!

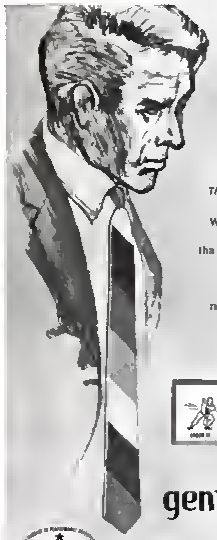


Compare the age, plainly marked on each bottle of Wiser's whisky with any other brands in their price classes. You will find, on the average, Wiser's whiskies are older. And "older" to Wiser's means aged in wood . . . and "married" in wood — a process of returning the spirits to wood after final blending for a further period of quiet aging. So for the best whiskies, the best value—drink one that's OLDER and WISER'S

WISER'S

WISER'S DISTILLERY LIMITED, BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO, CANADA

For good values in well aged whiskies: Wiser's De Luxe 10 years old. Wiser's 101, 6 years old. Wiser's Old Rye, 5 years old. Wiser's Special Blend, 4 years old.



Go well dressed . . .
Go with confidence

WEMLON®

THE ARISTOCRAT OF POLYESTER NECKWEAR

We invite you to stop in at any fine store and pick up one of our Wemlons. Feel the quality and see the beauty of the tie. It lives up to its promise. Besides its wearing benefits, the Wemlon tie feels like silk and is fashioned in stripes, rests, ender-knots and solids—to suit your taste. $2.50



gentry wembley

The "Color Guide" Tie

that takes the guessing out of dressing®

GENTRY INC. 226 LIEGE ST. W. MONTREAL, QUE.

WEMLONS AVAILABLE IN U.S.A. FROM WEMBLEY INC., NEW ORLEANS, LA.

MACLEAN'S ASKS THE EXPERTS

"Canada's Economic Council suggests that unemployment could climb to levels not seen since the Depression, if the economy doesn't grow faster. What is industry doing about it?"

A. A. CUMMING
President, Union Carbide Canada Limited
and president, Canadian Manufacturers' Association

IT'S TRUE THAT during the next several years the group reaching an age to start work will be bigger in Canada than in any other nation of the Western world. This is the bumper crop of postwar babies coming of age and it's relative to population, of course. But it does mean that we will have to do half again as well as the Americans in creating new jobs between now and the end of the 1960s.

I am sure that in the long run this flood into the work force will bring us all nothing but good. We need a buildup of our population in the age group that buys homes, acquires cars and other consumer goods.

But at the same time it is very clear that most of the new jobs going between now and the end of the decade will require higher levels of education. Manufacturing processes are getting more and more sophisticated and most jobs now require a higher level of competence than was the case even five or ten years ago. In our own company, for instance, we used to take on as clerical assistants youngsters with grade-nine or grade-ten education. Now we look for people with grade twelve or thirteen.

There is much that industry is doing now to make sure that people fit into jobs. As well as carrying on in-plant training programs, many companies also help finance night courses for employees wanting to take high school or university subjects. They also give generously to the universities. The point is, as Dr. John Deutsch of the Economic Council points it, a good general education is the best protection there is when a man can no longer count on one skill lasting for a lifetime.

To help provide the two hundred thousand new jobs needed every year, manufacturers are going to have to sell more abroad. But the prospects are good. Canada's manufactured exports have risen more than forty percent in the past year and many firms are getting their appetites well whetted by a taste of what exports can do for them. In Union Carbide we export fifteen percent of our production, but the benefits to the company and to our customers are immense. When we can operate our plants at ninety percent to ninety-five percent of capacity instead of seventy-five percent, this is terrific improvement in efficiency.



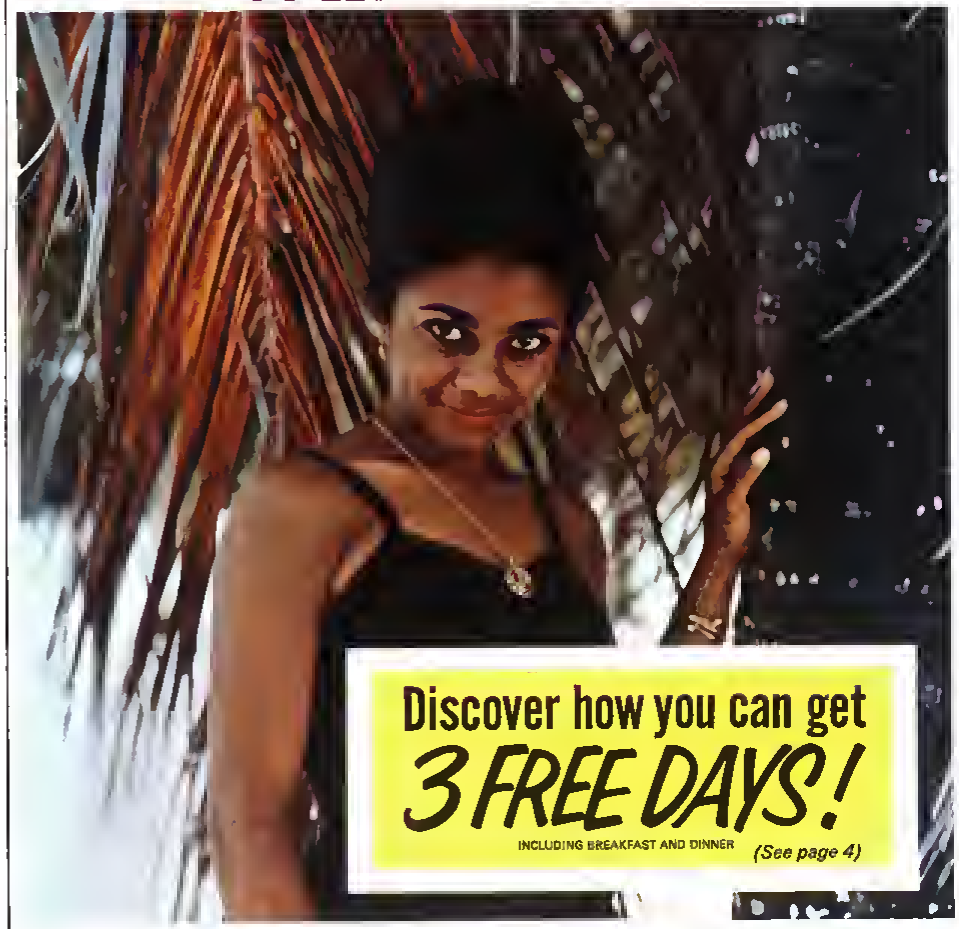
Getting the economy moving ahead faster is also going to require bigger business spending on new plant and equipment — perhaps ten percent more every year. This is not unattainable. Business is giving far more thought in depth to its investment and manpower policies, and that is a good portent for expansion.

However, let one thing be very, very clear. There is only so much that business can do. Governments, through budget policies, tax policies and trade policies have an immense influence on the economy's growth. They create the climate that encourages or discourages business expansion. Business gets frustrated and employment growth is slowed down when governments do things that detract from Canada's position in world trade. Putting a sales tax on the materials of production, for example, was an act of economic immaturity on the part of the government. It made Canadian business less competitive.

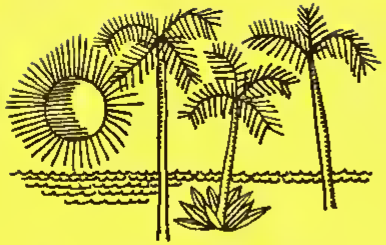
Fiscal policy in the past has been overimpressed by political expediency. But if we are to reach the goals set by the Economic Council, we need more economics and less politics. Certainly the big step toward faster growth now would be a cut in corporate taxes as well as income taxes. This would greatly improve Canada's position in world markets ★

SUMMER-TIME '65 IS "BONANZA-TIME" IN

BARBADOS



Discover how you can get
3 FREE DAYS!
INCLUDING BREAKFAST AND DINNER
(See page 4)



This summer,

ONLY AIR CANADA FLIES TO BARBADOS FROM CANADA

and provides service from across Canada with Barbados-bound flights leaving Montreal and Toronto!

Get aboard—settle back in your comfortable armchair—enjoy the quick flight and friendly service on your happy AIR CANADA way to Barbados. It's a perfect prelude to a perfect holiday in this sun-favoured, fun-flavoured tropic Caribbean isle.

As you read through this special Travel to Barbados Section, look for information about exciting Package Tours. This is an economical and thoroughly enjoyable way to have a holiday in friendly Barbados!

AIR CANADA now features new, low discount fares for children! Under two-year-olds now pay just 10% of the 21-Day Economy Excursion Return Fare to Barbados; children (2-11) now pay only 50% of this same return fare.

See your Travel Agent—or call AIR CANADA—for details of service—convenient Fly Now—Pay Later Plan and for your reservations!

Sample 21-Day Economy Excursion Return Fares to Barbados

HALIFAX	**$296.30**	**TORONTO**	**$230.30**
MONTREAL	**$230.30**	**WINNIPEG**	**$308.20**
		VANCOUVER	**$420.60**

AIR CANADA

BARBADOS

A holiday in Barbados can be so utterly different from any holiday you've ever had. There's a well-mannered love of life expressed in the hospitality of its people a contrast of scenery, things to do, imaginative food.

The trade winds, so much a part of Barbados' colourful past, constantly refresh and air condition the island.

Barbados is an island of history where modern life proceeds at a sensible pace against a backdrop of memories, monuments and tropical gardens. Daytime temperatures seldom waver from the 80's all year round.

Here you can visit ancient and beautiful churches, shop in Bridgetown alongside a careenage patrolled by Harbour Policemen still in the uniform of Nelson's day.

There are long, beautiful, soft beaches to relax on or swim from. A wide choice of accommodation from lavish sea-front clubs to intimate small hotels provide a place to stay for every taste and requirement.



Sugar, backbone of Barbados' economy, grows in abundance throughout the island. It is the raw material of world-famous Barbados rum; however, if you prefer non-alcoholic refreshment, ask for a "Bentley"; it's the island's secret mixture of fruit juices that is quite superb.

Wherever you look in Barbados, there are flowers or flowering trees. Frangipani, Hibiscus, Poinsettia, Bougainvillea. On an island blessed with such an abundance, how can you choose a favourite?

With a long history of stable government, a modern big-jet airport, a tiny flying fish fleet, a big luxury liner deep water harbour, Barbados remains an unspoiled island. Well-paved roads provide excellent motoring, linking beauty spots such as Mt. Hillaby, 1,104 feet and Cherry Tree Hill,





where wild monkeys may be seen in the Mahogany Trees with Barbados Museum or the Garrison, where British military ceremonies by the Barbados regiment are still performed.

But that's not all. There are spectator sports, horse racing, cricket and the Barbados Police Band provides some fine music.

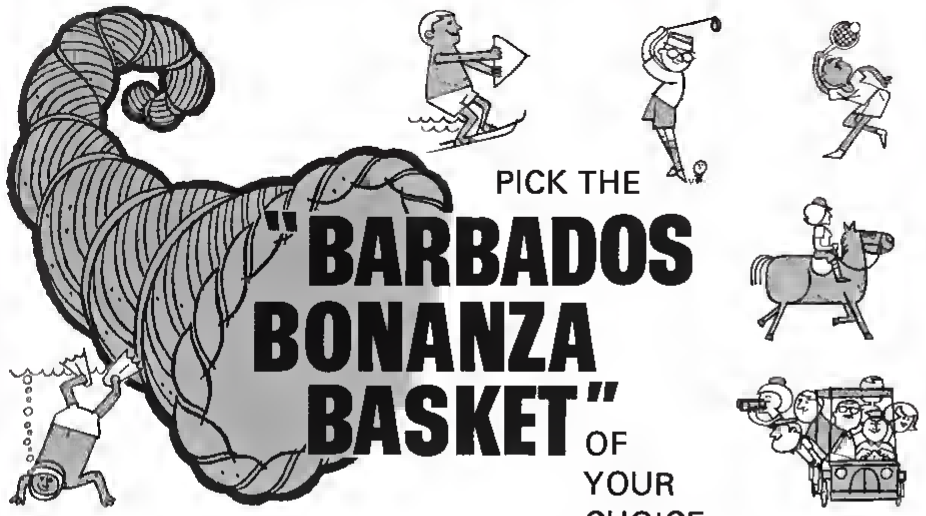
The coral cap that covers the whole 166 square miles of Barbados provides a perfect filter for fresh water which, pumped up in millions of gallons daily, provides the purest drinking water in the Caribbean. Imaginative meals both West Indian and North American. Outdoor barbeques of just about everything, including the unique flying fish, provide a choice of food for every palate.

Barbados has the talent to entertain; captivating singers, rhythmic steel bands, exotic limbo and exciting rituals all add to your enjoyment of this island in the sun.

Wherever you are, you're not far from Barbados. Served by the world's major airlines, it offers you the greatest variety of things to see and do. It's *the* place to be this summer.



AVAILABLE ONLY IN CANADA—SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT



PICK THE

"BARBADOS BONANZA BASKET" OF YOUR CHOICE

FOR THE BRIGHTEST SUMMER HOLIDAY YOU'VE EVER HAD!

DURING BONANZA-TIME, APR. 24 TO DEC. 15, YOU CAN STAY 6 NIGHTS AND 7 DAYS FOR AS LITTLE AS **$63.00** U.S. per person (2 per room)

Includes transfer to and from airport to Hotel, Breakfast and Dinner, a sightseeing tour of the island with a visit and drink at Sam Lord's Castle.

Stay longer– get up to 3 FREE DAYS!

INCLUDING BREAKFAST AND DINNER

This coming summer and fall, between April 24 and December 15, you can get *more holiday for your money than ever before* through this tremendous Barbados Bonanza Vacation package—the greatest all-inclusive vacation package ever offered in Canada!

Barbados is truly the most charming island in the Caribbean—and this new package plan makes it possible for you to enjoy the island to the fullest at wonderfully low cost. You go direct by Air Canada, or by B.W.I.A., Via New York with stop-over privileges at no extra air fare.

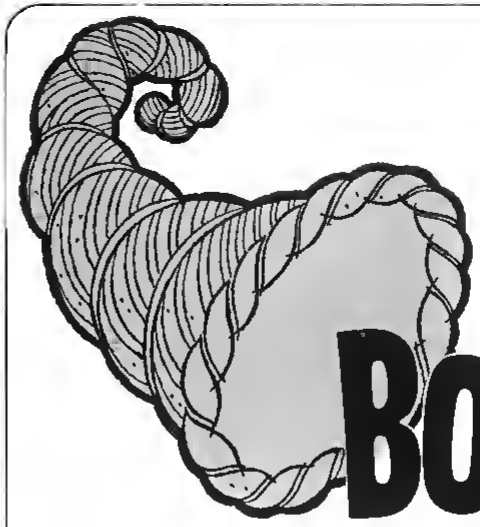
There's hotel accommodation for 6 nights and 7 days or longer. If you like, costs the same low rate and here's the big bonus—

Pay for 12 nights and get the 13th night **FREE.**
Pay for 15 nights and get the 16th and 17th nights **FREE.**
Pay for 18 nights and get the 19th, 20th and 21st nights **FREE.**

For any one of these periods, you can qualify for the airline's low excursion 21 day fare.

The cost of your holiday includes transfer from the airport to your hotel and back in Barbados; hearty breakfasts and delicious dinners; a sightseeing tour of the island, with a visit and a drink at Sam Lord's Castle. And there is a Brimful of Bonuses to be had—all kinds of extra things are available at much lower prices than you would have to pay as an individual while down there—just arrange for them *before* you leave Canada. There's a list of 9 optional activities from skin diving to cruising.

Each hotel has its own "Bonanza Basket" full of wonderful extras, choose your hotel from those shown on pages 6 and 7.



AND A BRIMFULL OF BONUSES

OPTIONAL ACTIVITIES AVAILABLE AT THESE LOW PRICES

(Rates Quoted in U.S. Dollars)



Scuba Diving
Package rate $12.00 per person per session (approx. one hour). Includes all equipment and necessary instruction as well as a trip to the nearby coral reefs. Beginners welcome.

Glass Bottom Boat Trip
Package rate $1.75 per person. One hour ride in a 20 ft. glass bottom boat with canopy, to see the underwater life and formations of the coral reef.

Cocktail Cruise
Package rate $5.75 per person. 2½ hour sail and sunset cruise in 40-50 ft. ocean going yacht. Drinks included.

Sailing
Package rate $3.00 per hour per person. Minimum 2 hours. 24 ft. racing sloops complete with skipper.

Water Skiing
Package rate $6.50 per ½ hour per person. With instruction if required.

Off-Shore and Bottom Fishing
Package rate $3.75 per hour per person, minimum 2 hours. 21 ft. fishing launch with canopy, bait and equipment included.

Deep Sea Fishing
Package rate $4.75 per hour per person, minimum 4 hours. 30 ft. fully equipped diesel powered craft. Drinks included.

Golf
Package rate Green Fee $3.75 per person per day. Clubs may be hired and balls purchased. Caddies available.

Tennis
Package rate $1.50 per hour per person. Racquets may be hired and balls purchased.

Special
Round Trip taxi fare to each activity, $4.00 per person, from your hotel.

Available only in Canada.
—See your travel agent.

* *Run of hotel accommodation from the top means hotel is required to provide best accommodation upon application*

Rates include breakfast and dinner, transfer from airport to your hotel and back, a tour of the island with a stop at Sam Lord's Castle for a visit and a drink.



THE ROCKLEY BEACH

Bonanza Basket Content

Exchange dinners with 7 other hotels
Manager's complimentary Rum Swizzle Party
Complimentary nightly entertainment
Free beach chairs and mats
Fabulous Thursday night Barbados Buffet
Sunday night Barbecue
6 Night 7 Day Package (each 2 in a room) M.A.P
$63.00 U.S.

Extra days 2 in a room per person $9.00



Hotel Caribbee

Bonanza Basket Content

Exchange dining with 7 other hotels on the South Coast
Complimentary Barbecue at Royal Caribbean Hotel
Complimentary Cocktail Party
Movies on the Reef Deck every Monday night
6 Night 7 Day Package (each 2 in a room) M.A.P
$63.00 U.S.

Extra days 2 in a room per person $9.00



The Colony Club

Bonanza Basket Content

Colony Club Rum Punch on arrival
Transport to Bridgetown for shopping
Exchange dinners with leading hotels
Invitation to "Barbados Rum Swizzle Party" followed by Barbadian Buffet Dinner
Basket of local fruit in room on arrival
Bonanza Basket Surprise
6 Night 7 day Package (each 2 in a room) M.A.P
Standard $96.00 U.S. Superior $114.00 U.S.

Extra days 2 in a room per person Standard $14.00
Superior $17.00



SANDY LANE HOTEL

Bonanza Basket Content

All rooms superior accommodation
Free Tennis and Golf on Sandy Lane Course
Free dancing and entertainment
Weekly Rum Punch parties
Exchange dining
Free use of Sailfish and Sunfish
Free daily transport to Bridgetown & return
6 Night 7 Day Package (each 2 in a room) M.A.P
$114.00 U.S. All Rooms Superior

Extra days 2 in a room per person $17.00



Hotel ST. LAWRENCE

Bonanza Basket Content

Meet Barbadians Cocktail Party in a private home
Visit the Greatest Little Brewery in the World
Free samples
Personally escorted visit to a Cricket match

Exchange dinner with 7 other hotels
6 Night 7 Day Package (each 2 in a room) M.A.P
$72.00 U.S.

Extra days 2 in a room per person $10.50



Hotel Royal-on-Sea

Bonanza Basket Content

Cocktails on arrival
Gold Basket—your Pot of Gold in the Caribbean
Miniature bottles of Rum and Falernum
Souvenir of Hotel Royal on Sea
Exchange Dinners with 7 other hotels
Carafe of wine with dinner
Real Bajan lunch on Thursday
6 Night 7 Day Package (each 2 in a room) M.A.P
$63.00 U.S.

Extra days 2 in a room per person $9.00



Coral Reef Club

Bonanza Basket Content

Free daily transport to Bridgetown
Free sailing
Weekly cocktail party
Beach Barbecue with steel band and Limbo Dancers
Interchange of dinners
Dinner dances
6 Night 7 Day Package (each 2 in a room) M.A.P
Standard $96.00 U.S. Superior $114.00 U.S.

Extra days 2 in a room per person Standard $14.00
Superior $17.00



Accra Beach Hotel

Bonanza Basket Content

Air conditioned rooms at no extra cost
Exchange dinners with 7 other hotels on South Coast
Snrimg at your doorstep
Free beach chairs
Shuffleboard
Television in the lounge
6 Night 7 Day Package (each 2 in a room) M.A.P
$75.00 U.S.

Extra days 2 in a room per person $11.00



BLUE WATER BEACH HOTELS

Bonanza Basket Content

Exchange dinners with 7 other hotels
Manager's complimentary Rum Swizzle Party
Complimentary nightly entertainment
Free beach chairs and mats
Fabulous Thursday night Barbados Buffet
Sunday night Barbecue
6 Night 7 Day Package (each 2 in a room) M.A.P
$75.00 U.S.

Extra days 2 in a room per person $11.00



Windsor Hotel Ltd.

Bonanza Basket Content

Sailing Cruise in Hotel Yacht
Tennis, Golf or Horseback Riding and/or morning or one afternoon
Entrance to night-club of own choice
Exchange dinner with 7 other hotels
Complimentary entrance to Mini-Golf
Welcome cocktail on arrival
Extra nights after the package minimum at special reduced rates
6 Night 7 Day Package (each 2 in a room) M.A.P
$63.00 U.S.

Extra days 2 in a room reduced rate $7.50



Paradise Beach Club

Bonanza Basket Content

For Ladies: a Paradise Beach Bag containing a Sun Tan set
For Gents: a $5.00 W.I. Bonns Bar Credit
A weekly Rum Punch party
6 Night 7 Day Package (each 2 in a room) M.A.P
Standard $78.00 U.S. Superior $90.00 U.S.

Extra days 2 in a room per person Standard $11.00
Superior $13.00



The Marine HOTEL

Bonanza Basket Content

Bottle of Rum and glasses on arrival
Free Miniature Golf
Exchange Dining with 7 other hotels
6 Night 7 Day Package (each 2 in a room) M.A.P
$75.00 U.S.

Extra days 2 in a room per person $11.00



Royal Caribbean Hotel

Bonanza Basket Content

Royal Caribbean Voodoo Cocktail
Tropical Seafood Dinner at Caribbee
Free theatre ticket for a night at the new Barbados air conditioned theatre
Guided Tour (shopping) in Bridgetown
Television
6 Night 7 Day Package (each 2 in a room) M.A.P
$63.00 U.S.

Extra days 2 in a room per person $9.00



Miramar BEACH HOTEL

Bonanza Basket Content

Welcome Planters Punch
Free daily transport to Bridgetown & return
Native "Cane cutters fete" Barbecue each week
Breakfast in bed
Exchange dinners with other hotels
All rooms air conditioned at no cost
Tours or visits to suit a wide range of interests
Private pool
6 Night 7 Day Package (each 2 in a room) M.A.P
Standard $96.00 U.S. Superior $114.00 U.S.

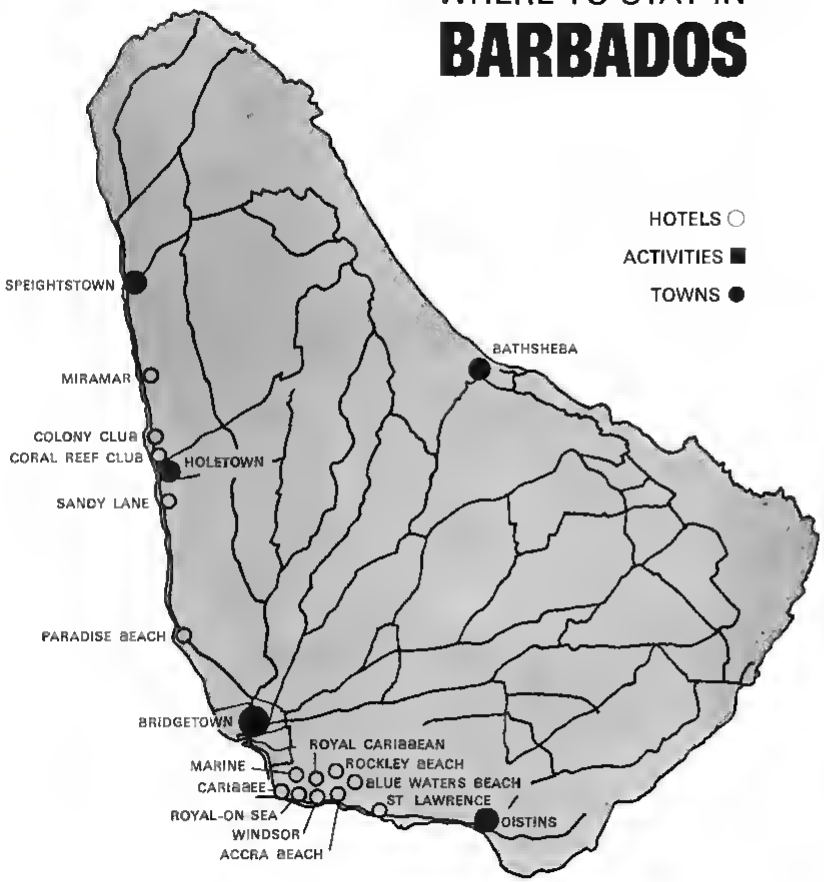
Extra days 2 in a room per person Standard $14.00
Superior $17.00

Stay longer and get up to

3 FREE DAYS!

INCLUDING BREAKFAST AND DINNER

WHERE TO STAY IN
BARBADOS



■ West Coast Aquatic Sports depots are located on the West coast in the Parish of St. James and on the South Coast at Needhams Point. Skin diving available at West coast depot only.

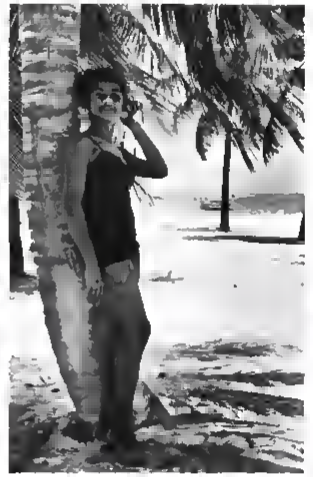
Peasant relaxation comes from doing the fun things that go with vacations.

The island has a natural abundance that makes for instance, deep sea fishing and scuba diving unforgettable experiences. Well maintained and equipped boats with ship to shore radio contact will take you to "certain-catch" fishing grounds where man can match his might with the fighting game fish of the Caribbean.





Professional scuba divers provide equipment, instruction and company to view the clear quiet under-water world of the coral reefs. If you prefer to stay above water—take a glass bottomed boat trip. The silent world of the sea is fascinating to observe.





One of the nicest ways to view the beauty of the island is to see it from a boat off shore on a cocktail cruise. The marks of history and the quiet coves are displayed with new grandeur, sunlit and blue-framed for sight and shutter-bugs.

If golf is your game then all you need is your handicap and, with helpful caddies and a set of clubs, you can try one of the sporting Courses.

Like to go sailing in a 24 foot racing sloop? Or perhaps play a couple of sets of tennis? All these activities and more are there for your enjoyment but in Barbados they seem to be so much *more* fun — that's the magic of the island, it's irresistible.





How far will your money go?—a long way in Barbados. Every dollar becomes $1.57 West Indian and the duty free shopping in Bridgetown stretches your dollar even further. The W.I. dollar is available in $1, $2, $5, $10, $20 and $100 denominations.

The Canadian equivalent of Barbadian prices is about ⅔ of the quoted West Indian price.

Canadians are allowed to bring back $25.00 worth of goods once every four months without payment of duty.





Customs Regulations Entering Barbados

Clothing and certain personal effects such as jewellery and sports equipment, already worn or used are admitted duty free. 100 cigarettes per person allowed duty free.

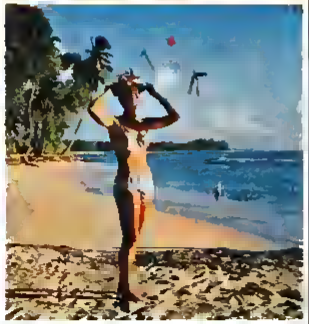
Canadian or British subjects domiciled in Canada must have a smallpox vaccination certificate, proof of onward transportation and identity. Possession of a valid passport is recommended. Residents not in this category can get full information from their Travel Agent.

There are two daily newspapers, several weeklies, radio and television. There's a Canadian Club, a Rotary Club and an excellent telephone service, churches of most denominations for worship, three Canadian Banks, an island-wide bus service, abundantly supplied book stores and libraries.

Excellent dental and medical facilities.

Formal evening wear is not essential—light summer clothing will suffice.











The Sunjets are here



... and only BWIA offers this supremely quiet and comfortable Boeing 727 fan-jet service to Barbados! For your low Canada Barbados excursion fare enjoy a New York World's Fair stopover, too, at no extra charge on BWIA. Then let BWIA's fabulous new Sunjets, like gorgeous tropical birds, wing you on to Barbados. Beautiful inside and out, with more facilities than ever for bounteous BWIA service to make your trip more joyous. Coming soon, subject to government approval, direct Toronto to the Caribbean Sunjet service. For information and reservations, contact your travel agent or any BOAC office.

21-day round trip excursion fares from*	First Class	Economy Class
TORONTO, OTTAWA, MONTREAL OR LONDON	**$359.00**	**$230.30**

*VIA CONNECTING AIRLINE TO NEW YORK

We've loved the Caribbean for 25 years ... come and let us show you why

BWIA
THE AIRLINE OF THE CARIBBEAN



Fashion bonanza – Jo Collins funwear in Arnel* and cotton, a Cohama fabric.
Travel bonanza – the easy-care Arnel tag that says "relax and go carefree!".
Both outfits available at fine stores, in sizes 5-17. About $9 each set.

There is only one Arnel*. It makes the sun more fun.

ARNEL a Cel-Cil contemporary fibre
CEL-CIL FIBRES LIMITED

*Reg'd. Can. T.M.

bicultural name of Pat Hyndman, is responsible not only for France but for the whole European Common Market, he's about to open a branch office in Milan. Gérald Filion, president of the General Investment Corporation, said: "The reason we tend to concentrate on French investment is that there is so little of it now." (Total French investment in all Canada is little more than a hundred million dollars, compared to ten billions for the U.S. and a billion and a half for Britain. Business between Canada and France has doubled since 1955, but it's still only about one percent of Canada's foreign trade.)

"Our financiers have only limited interest in Canada," a Paris official said, "because they see few opportunities for adequate earnings." A Quebec official put the same thought the other way round: "The French are hard bargainers and they expect a higher and faster return than we are accustomed to pay."

France has also disappointed the more nationalistic Quebeckers in the one field where they most counted on French cooperation — the field of international affairs. Since 1961 the Lesage government has greatly enlarged its activities abroad, and some officials would like to think Quebec has acquired a special international status, approaching that of a sovereign nation. They hoped France would help them establish this impression, but they hoped in vain.

The impression is false. Quebec's agent-general in London has exactly the same status as the five other provincial agents-general who have been established there for years. Quebec opened a similar mission in Paris in 1961, but the French gave it no official status whatever until *Ottawa* made the request on Quebec's behalf, whereupon it was granted immediately.

Two years ago at Quebec's request, France agreed to accept some Canadian students each year at the Ecole Nationale de l'Administration, a state institution for training high level civil servants. But before the deal was completed, Paris let Ottawa know what was afoot. Ottawa not only approved, it joined the project, along with eight from Quebec went two *federal* civil servants. One was a young man whose first language is English, to Ottawa's well-concealed delight he had his class.

Another example of Quebec's bid for international status was the educational agreement (or *entente* as Ottawa insisted it be called) that was signed in Paris on February 27.

This program had been under negotiation for nearly a year. Ottawa heard about it last June. In September Paul Martin, Canadian minister of external affairs, spoke to Paul Gerin-Lajoie, Quebec minister of education, and told him no province could make a formal agreement with another country except through Ottawa. The Quebec government didn't appear to like this stipulation much. Negotiations with France were completed in November, and Premier Lesage, returning from a trip to Paris, told newsmen there would soon be "an agreement" between Quebec and France for educational exchanges — a significant development, he said, since it would be the first ever signed between a Canadian province and a foreign country.

But after that, nothing happened for nearly four months. The French were well aware of Canada's constitutional structure, and "we are not going to be drawn into your family quarrels," a French foreign office official told me at the Quai d'Orsay in February.

By then it was clear that unless there was an exchange of notes between Paris and Ottawa, explicitly giving Canada's blessing to this arrangement with a province, no deal with France could be made. Reluctantly Quebec accepted Ottawa's approval, including the stipulation that the arrangement be called an *entente*, not an "agreement." Ottawa thought that "agreement" sounded too much like "treaty."

It's true that General de Gaulle has gone out of his way to be cordial to Quebec visitors. He had Premier Lesage to lunch last November (without inviting the Canadian ambassador) and Gerin-Lajoie to tea in February. Evidently the general believes a French-speaking enclave in North America is some addition to the grandeur of France.

Also Quebec has promoted its "international status" by appointing as representatives overseas men of personal distinction. The Quebec agent-general in London is Hon. Hugues Lapointe, son of the great French-Canadian leader Ernest Lapointe and himself a privy councillor with a distinguished record of his own. To head the Maison de Québec in Paris, the Lesage government got Jean Chapdelaine, then Canadian ambassador to Cairo. In both cities, relations between the Maisons de Québec and the Canadian government missions are uniquely close. Hugues Lapointe sat in the St. Laurent cabinet with the present Canadian high commissioner to Britain, Lionel Chevrier. Jean Chapdelaine and Jules Léger, Canadian ambassador to France, have been close friends as well as colleagues for the past quarter century in the department of external affairs.

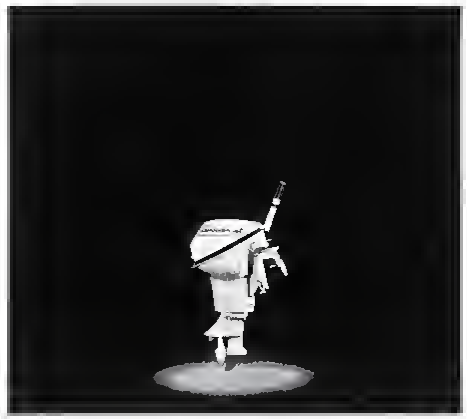
At the working level therefore Quebec's relations are good with all three governments — French, British and Canadian. And for all practical purposes, it's the working level that counts. ★

PARADE

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Peter Dempson tells of a chat with John Diefenbaker when the then-prime minister was casting about for a replacement as secretary of state for external affairs after Sidney Smith's death. Someone suggested Donald Fleming, and Dempson recalls that Diefenbaker seemed intrigued. "That might do it," he said in substance. "That might do very well." Dempson wrote a "There are rumors circulating in Ottawa today that Donald Fleming may be named ... " kind of story, giving no sources. His item evoked such a prompt and negative reaction that Diefenbaker dropped the project. The arrangement is advantageous to everyone save those constitutionally opposed to being chivvied: the reporter gets what may turn out to be a genuine scoop and the politician is left free to dissociate himself from the whole sticky mess if it goes awry.

Similarly, the late C. D. Howe, minister of trade and commerce, when he was kindly disposed to *The Financial Post*, used to avail himself of the gallery's star economics expert, *The Post*'s Ken Wilson, who was killed in an airplane crash on an assignment in 1952. Wilson would write of alternate policies that a mysterious high-placed official revealed were under consideration. In twenty-four hours, Howe could ascertain from mail, phone calls and editorials which was the more acceptable, greatly enhancing his reputation for shrewd judgment.

More recently, Prime Minister Pearson employed the same technique and had the bad luck to collide with a new head in the gallery who didn't understand the rules of the game. Pearson intended to announce his new Canadian flag decision in Winnipeg before a meeting of the Canadian Legion, but he felt that some advance warning of his plans would ease the shock somewhat. Late one afternoon Richard O'Hagan, his special assistant (which means press relations man in Ottawaese), telephoned a few reporters and invited them to Sussex Drive to meet with the prime minister. One of those summoned was the Toronto *Star Weekly*'s Walter Stewart.

"I couldn't figure what was coming off," Stewart later related. "The men invited seemed oddly chosen — no one from the French press, no one from The Canadian Press, for instance, only one of the two Ottawa papers represented, no one from the Montreal *Gazette*, no one from the CBC, one guy from private television, two from the Southam papers, one from the Toronto *Telegram*, one from the *Globe*. A few others I forget. I figured if something big comes out of this, a lot of nooks will be out of joint."

After a hospitable lapse of time, the prime minister drew out his original flag, the three-maple-leaf design, and asked for opinions. "Everyone loved it," recalls Stewart. "It was all very jolly." To a direct question, Pearson declared that this was his choice for the new Canadian flag, and the gathering dispersed soon afterward.

Stewart was baffled. He couldn't decide if he had just attended a social event not to be written about or the inauguration of a new era in relaxed press conferences. He asked more experienced gallery members who had attended and they explained that Pearson had produced a hybrid: a full-scale press release of hot news crossed with an off-the-record briefing rampant on a cocktail party. Stewart was advised to write a news story about the flag as the others were doing, attributing the information to a "reliable source" and making no mention of the prime minister.

Stewart brooded about this with gathering resentment. He feels strongly about what he holds to be tacit coercion in such cases of managed news. "If you are privy to a high-level decision like that, you can't help but be prejudiced. If you're there when the egg hatches, it becomes your chick. It's human nature. And that's no way for a government to behave." Stewart defiantly notified his mother house, the Toronto *Daily Star*, and the story appeared naming Pearson as host source.

The next day the Toronto *Star* was so unwelcome at Pearson's headquarters that a reporter was denied so innocent an item as the guest list of a dinner the prime minister was giving. Matters since have returned to normal, with two exceptions. (1) Pearson no longer leaks important announcements with such "007" intrigue, and (2) Walter Stewart is treated with the caution one would accord a ticking mailbox.

When such mishaps in press cordiality occur in Ottawa, parliamentarians have a stock reflex, conditioned by decades of sparring off with heckling: they assume the critical newsman must hold opposing political beliefs. In actual fact, most members of the press gallery are neutral in politics, performing the same workmanlike job of reporting on legislation, speeches and reports that they would if assigned to cover labor unions or a chess tournament. Their political bias is derived from the prevailing wind from the nonstop caucus of newsmen in the press-gallery lounge: political allegiance in them is the loose sand of consensus.

Independents make MPs nervous

Some others, a minority, are devoutly partisan. About twenty-five newsmen are considered hard-edged adherents of the Liberal Party, about ten are Progressive Conservative, one is Social Credit (Pat Nicholson of the multitude of Thomson papers) and four or five favor the New Democratic Party. In most cases, reporters tend to work for papers that share their politics, but it doesn't always follow. Norman Campbell, a staunch Conservative, writes for the Liberal Ottawa *Citizen*; long-time Liberal John Bird is on the Conservative-minded *Financial Post*.

The example of the gallery's two luminous Independents illustrates the irrelevance of affiliation in modern political reporting. These are two of the best brains and most famous names in the gallery: the Toronto *Star*'s Peter C. Newman, a pale brilliant loner whose tightly documented and revealing book on Diefenbaker, *Renegade In Power*, has sold eighty thousand copies, and the cheery and immensely popular Charles Lynch, chief of the fast-spreading Southam News Service, whose air of fatherly wisdom has reassured millions of television viewers that the affairs of the nation are under vigilant supervision. The two write for papers in both major political camps. Lynch for the ninety-hued Southam chain of eight papers with six hundred and fifty thousand readers, and Newman for nine papers of both stripes, including — in French translation — the giant Montreal *La Presse*. His impressive circulation of one million six hundred thousand makes him the most-read columnist in Canadian history.

Newman and Lynch flail and praise with impartial ardor as their judgment dictates. Most politicians find their cavalier approach disgusting. "There's no history of impartial political writing in this country," explains Lynch. "Politicians are much happier knowing where you are. Lack of partisan bias makes it difficult for them to figure you out." Newman agrees. "It'll become accepted in time, but right now the feeling is that you're dangerous if you're independent. We're considered traitors to everyone, so no one can trust us."

For his own edification, MP Douglas Fisher (NDP Port Arthur), the gallery's resident critic in parliament and a columnist himself, once classified the Ottawa press corps according to ability. He found only four he could regard as literary: ten were labeled good and nine half-literate and blind. The remainder filled in the gap between the extremes. Burt Richardson, a Diefenbaker aide, is even less impressed. He notes: "The range of income is indicative of the spread in ability. (Gallery salaries range from six to thirty thousand a year.) Richardson concludes sourly: "Some are worth about twenty-five dollars a week, not a cent more."

Many observers are inclined to blame the gallery's poor housing for any deficiency in the quality of its literature. "Those conditions wouldn't be tolerated in a factory," asserts Grattan O'Leary. "It's just not possible to write well in such a mess."

The Canadian Parliamentary Press Gallery's quarters are indeed a wondrous sight. They have the impact upon a newcomer approaching them

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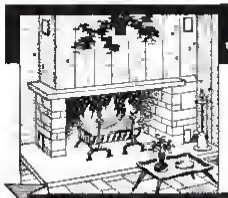
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along the austere marbled and cathedral roofed corridors of the Parliament Buildings of stumbling upon a Hogarth saloon in Westminster Abbey. There is, to begin with, bedlam. Teletype machines clattering against a vibrato of lilty typewriters, a hoarse squeaky-box voice paging newsmen, telephones ringing, voices raised to be heard over or under the uproar, radio reporters peeped over telephone hookups with their stations and the sweet lost sound of a cuckoo clock, a possibly not significant grit from a deported gallery member.

The decor is Early Squalor with sprightly touches of dust, empty beer bottles and solitary galoshes. When the main newsroom became crammed with antique oak desks, stalagmites of yellowed *Hansards* and elk-horned coat racks during the gallery's rapid wartime growth, Mackenzie King suggested that the overflow make temporary use of the bread corridor just outside. That was twenty years ago, when the gallery was less than half its present size. By actual count, a stretch of the corridor that connects the half-wood House of Commons gallery with the hushed Senate gallery now contains thirty-two desks, fifty-eight filing cabinets, fifteen coat racks, twenty-four bookcases and a festooned wastepaper baskets, cigarette machines, electric fans, watercoolers, Teletype machines, telephone booths and whiskey cartons ruthlessly stuffed with old budget debates.

Benefactor to the thirsty

The overall effect is not enhanced by the gallery's unique coalition of newsroom and bootlegging establishment. In a tradition dating back to the dark days of 1921, when politicians and press moved into the rebuilt Parliament Buildings and found them prohibition-dry, the press gallery has operated as a benefactor to the thirsty of all political faiths, but most especially writers.

The bar, closed off a narrow hall, piled head high with cases of ionic, opens crisply in the morning at the first demand and closes with the last. Drinks are fifty cents each for all kinds of liquor except Scotch, which is seventy-five cents. Beer is obtained by inserting a quarter in a slot machine cooler around the corner off the patch sized Canadian Press room. The brewer's agent who makes the delivery is a picturesque sight as he threads his way apologetically through the jumbled newsroom with seventeen cases of empties on a cart.

The drink concession, a distinguished family business, is under the supervision of Robert Carisse, chief clerk of the press gallery, who inherited the mantle from his father who was appointed in 1923. He is assisted by a staff of three messengers who, along with their regular duties of distributing government handouts to reporters and supplying them with Hansard's verbatim accounts of speeches in the House, offer a delivery service to office bound parliamentarians. "The latter it gets at night," grimaces an MP, "the more the price goes up. That always says it's their last bottle."

The tailfish operation is sustained because, by happy chance, it is in visible everyone on Parliament Hill pretends it doesn't exist. When the Speaker in 1961 coarsely referred to the press gallery as "that blind pig on the third floor" in a written order to the sergeant-at-arms, he was informed of his error and obligingly erased the offensive phrase from the interbranch journals of the House. There has been no further fuss except the minor flutter caused when press gallery beer was delivered one day in a Government of Canada van. "Only happened once" comments the sergeant-at-arms grimly.

Even without its roguish sideline, the press gallery presents a dishevelled picture unmistakably stamped with the calculated neglect of a landlord hoping to have his license broken. The paint is peeling, the windows dirty, the debtors' armchair leather chairs in the lounge are sprung and cracked. The government has been trying to rid itself of this eyesore for many years; it now is nigh on to frantic.

"Next September we'll have seventy-five countries coming here for the Inter-Parliamentary Union meetings" explains the Speaker, Alan Macnaughton. "We'll have foreign correspondents from all over the world. What sort of impression will they get of us if we don't get that mess cleaned up?"

Good-by to all that

The government's plan is to move the press gallery into a nearby office building, clear out the corridor, refurnish the lounge and turn the newsroom into a modern chat room with Teletypes and typewriters available for late-breaking news. The government owns the Norlite Building across the street from parliament's West Block. It wants an "economic rent" of $3.25 a square foot, but is willing to make no charge for converting the top floors (which have a spectacular view of the Ottawa River) or installing a cooling system, automatic elevators, a communicaire for rental, the clock duly at the door and the free extras now provided: clerks, messengers, *Hansards*, *Canada Year Books*, Parliamentary Guides, stationery, parking spaces, paper clips and rubber bands.

Last year press gallery spokesmen met twenty-three times with the prime minister or the Speaker of their staffs. To date, stalemate. Those newsmen clinging to their burrows have valid arguments the most cogent of which is that they will be handicapped if their files are ten minutes away when a big story breaks in the House. Printing to two hundred lobbies full of clippings, Quebec City's *Le Soleil* reporter Amédée Gaudreault says sadly "I am a columnist. I could not write without this background material handy."

But the press has begun. The Canadian Press moved its headquarters but of the gallery long ago; the Toronto *Star*, the Toronto *Globe and Mail* and other papers have followed suit. A grandiose era is closing down and a sense of mourning already overhangs the disreputable and beloved debris on parliament's third floor.

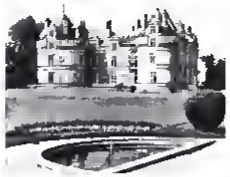
The battered gallery has a long tradition of reluctantly welcoming yesterday. Proud and seemly since the days of Confederation, it balked at



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For moonlighters, menace meant war

allowing magazine writers to join until Mackenzie King became aroused on behalf of beseeching Time Inc. in 1942 and pressured the gallery into admitting a *Time* correspondent. The gallery then dug in for a titanic fight to exclude radio and television from membership, yielding under combined battering from the CBC and the BBC in 1959.

The gallery had a manly frankness about its motives, which in many cases were pure greed. Holding a monopoly on the right to take notes in the House of Commons, the newsmen were moonlighting profitably on the CBC's French network and on such English language shows as *Capital Report*, *Viewpoint* and *Press Conference*. "If we let in radio and TV, I'll lose two thousand dollars a year off my income," a gallery member complained.

The press gallery has a curious constitution for a squatter organization, being responsible to the Speaker of the House but keeping all the prerogatives of a chic country club to itself. In the nearly hundred years of its recorded history, from the first days when parliament begrudged it fifteen dollars for paper and no more, the gallery has excluded whom it pleased and stared down any House Speaker bold enough to intervene. The latest and angriest dispute arose in 1962 when Raymond Spencer Rodgers, a PhD-holding journalist, was refused admission on the grounds that he planned to work only part-time at covering parliament.

"Actually, he was just too smart for his own good," one newsman explains. "When Kenya's Tom Mboya was here, Rodgers was the only one who knew all about African government. A real troublemaker." Rodgers took his case to the House Standing Committee on Privileges and Elections and was championed in the House by Douglas Fisher, but he finally gave up the struggle and retired to the civil service to nurse his wounds.

The gallery argues that its hauteur is a vital protection both of its limited working space and of its code that it must be purely an organization of full-time parliamentary correspondents, a view that has saved the gallery from the flabbiness of the National Press Club in Washington where half the membership is made up of lobbyists and hucksters hoping to improve their pecking order.

Despite its nanny severity, the Ottawa gallery is expanding at the rate of six or seven new members a year. The larger papers have been adding to their Ottawa bureaus, but the main impetus has come from a ginger group of radio reporters. "They're all over the place with their little tape recorders," a newspaperman complains, "a real nuisance."

Politicians haven't made up their minds. "In my constituency," comments the attractive PC member from Grenville-Dundas Mrs. Jean Casselman Wadds, "people seem to be getting most of their political news from radio and they're well informed. If I'm away from the House for a day, they're ahead of me."

But some politicians are concerned. "Radio seems to be irrefutably accurate because you hear a man making a statement, in his own voice," observes MP Gerald Baldwin (PC, Peace River). "But I've been dismayed to hear myself on radio. They can edit out the qualifying statements and the cautious sentences and just leave your most startling observations, which present a quite different impression than you intended."

Douglas Fisher suffered a particularly unpleasant experience a year ago because of an edited tape. The west coast's jovial Jack Webster dropped in to Fisher's office and the two struck up a fast rapport. Webster asked permission to tape record an interview, during which he asked Fisher what he thought of the press gallery. Fisher, responding to Webster's bluthe mood answered cheerfully that the members were a bunch of

continued on page 45



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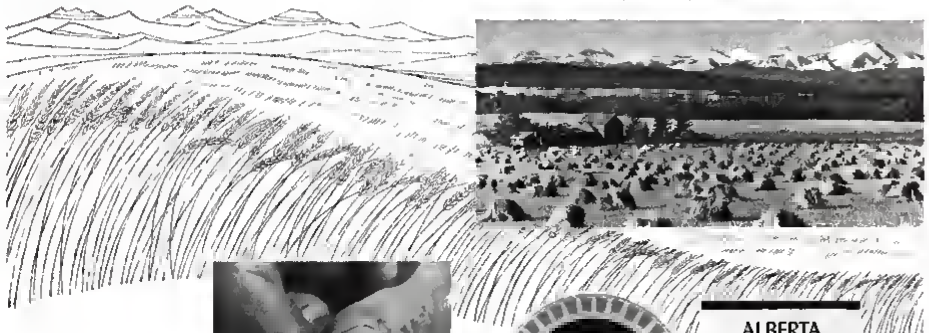
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lushes, drunks and incompetents." Ed Murphy, a gallery member who represents a number of radio stations, obtained the tape and inserted his own voice for Webster's retaining Fisher's reckless reply. It was used on Ottawa's CFRA and the gallery reeled like a dowager confronted with a dead cat. Murphy's deceit was overlooked but Fisher was judged a bounder. He was obliged to apologize in writing.

The great advantage the radio contingent has is freshness—as one newsman puts it wearily: "The menace of novice enthusiasm." "We don't have the contacts that the rest of the gallery has," says Paul Akehurst of CHUM in Toronto, one of the youngest reporters on the Hill. "Some of them knew cabinet ministers when they were back benchers. So we have to dig pretty hard and try to get the breaks."

Akehurst, along with George Blumenthal of Southam, spent tedious weeks following up a tip that Montreal bankruptcy court files and those of the justice department would make fruitful gleaning: a choice that paid off when they were the first to break the story of the unusual deal in lumber tariffs obtained by Secretary of State Maurice Lamontagne.

A Toronto *Star* man, Robert Reguly, following a lead on rumors that had been prevalent in Ottawa for weeks, broke the story of minister without portfolio Yvon Dupuis' alleged involvement with a harness track payoff. Over the years alert reporters in the gallery have played a consequential role in the nation's affairs. The late Grant Dexter of the Winnipeg *Free Press*, a superb reporter of whom Bruce Hutchison once said: "He knew more about the nation's business than any man in Ottawa," once spotted an item in a budget of Finance Minister J. L. Ilsley raising the tariff on steel pipe which the minister hadn't bothered to mention in his budget speech. Dexter's report alerted the prairie Liberal MPs, devout free traders all, who marched into Ilsley's office with an ultimatum: "Drop the steel pipe tariff or we'll be obliged to vote against the budget and defeat the government." Ilsley dropped the tariff item. This is the last example on record of a successful revolt by back-bench MPs against government policy.

Some scoops are cloak and swagger. The Toronto *Telegram*'s Peter Dempson pursued a tip that a fellow member of the gallery, Vasily Tatasov of Tass, was actually a spy. He made inquiries and was told uneasily that he was right, but the intrepid RCMP were still in the process of arranging a trap for Tatasov: would Dempson please wait to write his story? Dempson did, for ten days. When the trap finally was sprung, Dempson was notified and wrote an exclusive.

Mostly though, the life of a press-gallery member is grinding. When the House is in session he may work up to fourteen hours a day, filleting two-hundred-page economic reports for their news, sifting through droning debates on the fine print of pensions bill, enduring stoically the boyishness of the country's legislators who thump their desks and howl in banalities scanning handouts from the Department of Lands and Forests.



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and fat brochures from Agriculture.

"The reporters who can do the best job are the ones with the most time," George Bain remarks. "Too many of them haven't a moment to read outside newspapers or magazines, let alone books. The necessary drudgery takes so much time that people can't develop, can't learn the background to issues. A frequent complaint is, 'I'd like to find out more about this, but how can he? He's writing six to eight stories a day.'"

In addition political reporting has become staggeringly complex. Senator Grattan O'Leary recalls when the budget was explained to reporters by the finance minister with a few notes in his hand. "He'd tell us that we took in this much last year, spent this much and here's what we have left. That was all there was to it." Present budgets are explained to the press by a team of experts at a briefing that lasts for hours and scarcely can be grasped by a specialist with a degree in economics. Reporters have equal difficulty deciphering complicated bills such as the government's pension plan.

They don't lay out the details of the Labor Code for instance," notes the highly intelligent and relaxed Pauline Jewett (Lib., Northumberland). "It would be valuable right now to explain the social insurance plan and how it differs from social assistance, but no one is trying to spell it out." Further, the press gallery seems uninterested in the country's foreign policy, one distinguished analyst recently looked up brightly and asked: "What's the capital of Vietnam?"

Journalists who have served in Washington's press corps say a major gap in Ottawa is the scarcity of background briefings, not-for-attribution seminars conducted by experts to outline the factors influencing government decisions. George Bain blames it was the absence of such briefings that caused Canadian unwisdom to misunderstand Pearson's actions at the United Nations at the time of the Suez crisis. "It was the worst PR failure the government has ever had," says Bain. "The immediate reaction here was that he was selling out Britain. It could have been avoided if the gallery had been kept abreast of what Canada was trying to do and why." Prime Minister Pearson's present press man, Richard O'Hagan, concedes: "There is a very good case for an improved system of briefings, especially between sessions of parliament."

But the hazard of background briefings, as Walter Stewart — the man who leaked Pearson's flag leak — would be the first to say, is the hothouse environment it provides for the growth of outright government propaganda and hogwash.

There's no possible way to suit all of the press gallery or for the press gallery to suit all Canadians. The gallery has a Byron quote etched over the fireplace in its decrepit lounge:

But words are things, and a small drop of ink
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.

On good days — and it has plenty of them — the Ottawa press gallery does just that. ★



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CITY OR TOWN PROV.

First, "paper bombing" — then they get tough

DO-ANYTHING AIRLINE

continued from page 15

telephone and telegraph cables please refer to charts showing cable positions and aid in finding poor cables.

By the time we were through and landward bound I sat miserably still swallowing excess saliva. "How did you like it?" Keyes asked. I gulped. "We're on cable patrol four days a week," he said. The trawlers and draggers used to fish off the Grand Banks but now they are dragging close to four transAtlantic cables. If one of them snagged and broke a cable repairs and interruptions could cost a million dollars, so we warn them off and photograph them for identification. If the first patrol finds them in the same area, it reports them to the constable.

Policing transAtlantic cables for the companies that own them is one of the innumerable offbeat tasks undertaken by Eastern Provincial Airways, which although relatively unknown west of the Atlantic Provinces, is Canada's third largest airline — after Air Canada and Canadian Pacific Airlines — and by long odds its most versatile. It is also about the only link thousands of people in remote places have with the rest of the world. It is so important to Newfoundland and Labrador that Newfoundland's premier, Joseph Smallwood once said: "If EPA didn't exist our government would have to create it." It is equally important to Greenland, where it operates under an arrangement with the Danish government.

EPA's main preoccupation is its scheduled service — a web of thousands of miles of routes over Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Labrador, Newfoundland and Greenland. But it also delivers mail to communities frozen in by winter runs an ambulances, patrols timberland and fights forest fires, shops hunters, anglers, prospectors and surveyors into the bush, spots seals for Newfoundland's sealing fleet, searches for humans lost in the barrens or adrift in crippled fishing boats.

Recently I spent thirteen days and logged seven thousand miles getting a close look at what EPA does and what it means to those who would have no transportation without it. I flew in most of its nine types of aircraft, from tiny to big, over ocean, rocky hills, unbroken stands of evergreen, bog, windswept islands, rivers, lakes, stopping at cities, bleak outports, new mining communities.

It was at Moncton, N.B., at 6:30 a.m. that I boarded a forty-six passenger turbo-prop Handley Page Dart Herald for EPA's "milk run" to Gander via Charlottetown, New Glasgow, Sydney and Deer Lake. No hop took more than twenty-five minutes until we left Sydney, Cape Breton for Deer Lake on the western side of Newfoundland.

At Gander, once the famous crossroads of transAtlantic air travel — before long-range jets most trans-



"THE SECRET IS STAYING IN SHAPE..."

...advised the challenger.

"I'm impressed," admitted the intrepid reporter, gazing with awe at K.O. Kelly's extra large T-shirt. "So big—yet so perfectly proportioned!"

"Clean living!" bellowed the challenger modestly. "I don't smoke, drink or stay out late. And I ..."

"Not you—this Watson's T-shirt!" the scribe interrupted. "Magnificent!"

"... and I wash my T-shirts twice a week, whether they need it or not," said Kelly, rolling with the punch and recovering beautifully. "What's a few rounds in the washer to a Watson's shirt?"

"W-e-l-l-s-o-n-s," mumbled the reporter, writing furiously. "Say—just look at that neat neck and those snug arms. Like new—fit for a champion!"

"Right!" beamed the fighter. "And Watson's wear longer, for savings in the long run!"

"Speaking of the long run," queried the reporter, "how long have you been fighting?"

"About two and a half rounds, on the average," Kelly confided.

Watson's

T-SHIRTS—FOR CHAMPIONSHIP FORM AND FIT-NESS

Tailoring fine underwear for the whole family at Brantford, Ontario

WT-64

Atlantic planes had to refuel there — I expected a ghost town for the thousands of travelers who used to pass through there daily have shrunk to hundreds. Yet Gander seems to be booming. Its shabby wartime buildings are being torn down, a two-million-dollar hospital, a shiny vocational school and a new apartment building have been put up, the hotel and motel are usually filled and there is a housing shortage. Because long-range jets still land there when weather closes in elsewhere and a lot of chartered and economy flights still refuel there, the airport's luxurious lounge is as well cared for as ever, its uniformed attendants as neat and alert. If its Big Dipper bar and elegant dining room are often empty, its coffee shop does a brisk trade, much of it with employees of EPA, which has its head offices on the second floor of the passenger terminal. I talked there with many of its executives and pilots, most of them enthusiastic Newfoundlanders by birth or adoption who were overseas with the RCAF during the war. Even those now desk bound find their jobs exciting and like to boast a bit about EPA.

They told me, for instance, that during dry spells when forest-fire hazards run high their entire fleet of bush aircraft stands by to speed fire-fighting crews and equipment and to evacuate the inhabitants of villages that may be threatened. In such periods four Cansos owned by Newfoundland, and each equipped with an eight hundred-gallon water tank, can be airborne on ten minutes' notice. EPA pilots fly them over a fire and, with a flick of a switch, spray the flames with water. We have a sort of racetrack route around and round from fire to lake for more water to fire — no more than a few minutes for the whole circuit," a pilot explained. Every fire we had in Newfoundland last summer we put out within twenty-four hours. It was different in Labrador, where we flew eleven hours a day for weeks, dousing a fire that raged over an immense area. But we had great success around Halifax last spring; saved quite a few houses that would have been burned by flames licking toward them through brush and grass. I think people were lighting fires there to see us in action."

Flying mail may sound routine but for EPA, it can be pretty dramatic. Small mail planes range as far north as Nain, Labrador, landing where and when they can, radioing ahead so a postman will meet them with horse, snowmobile or dogteam. It's a dangerous chore in a region where gale, freezing rain, fog or blizzard may set in without warning, so that to return to Gander a pilot must depend on what EPA men call their "homing-pigeon instinct." When the weather is too bad they may stay for a day or a week with fishermen or trappers who have never seen a car or train but accept the little red EPA planes as commonplace.

EPA's air ambulance service operates under a contract with the Newfoundland department of health and the International Grenfell Association. I flew in an ambulance plane to St. Anthony at the tip of Newfoundland's great northern peninsula. The takeoff was delayed a day by snow. I had to be at the airport early the next morning. There were five other passengers waiting there: two commercial travelers, a man T.B. patient returning from Gander hospital to his home on Spotted Island, a pretty English nurse, Jean Kerr, who said it was lucky we were only held up a day — last time she'd been held up nine days — and a solemn young man who had just arrived from England to do volunteer orderly work at a lonely Grenfell nursing station on the Labrador coast.

Below us as we headed north were dark evergreen islands with the sea breaking white all around them. There was a patch of houses on the edge of a bay. "Have you ever landed there for a patient?" I asked Len Eyle, the pilot.

"Yes," he said. "In case of botulism — the worst food poisoning. Eskimos often get it in the spring from seal meat. The weather was down but I had to pick up the patient or he'd die. I lost a pound or two on that trip."

We were flying low. Watching the scenery unfold, I wrote in my notebook: "This Newfoundland — this great, harsh, rocky, beautiful, lonely land." I turned to see how it was affecting the English boy. He was looking through his window, his face expressionless.

"John," I said, "I'd give anything to know what you're thinking right now." He looked at me and said, in his crisp cultured accent: "It's not at all like England."

We had to stop at Rodduckton — square houses and three white-steepled churches on a hill overlooking a cove. As we taxied to the wharf, people ran down to watch the first there a toothless old woman with the look of an eager young girl. She was a T.B. suspect. The ona we'd stopped for... and

continued on page 55

PARADE

How to pass the buck

All those friendly loan companies would go out of business if this superfriendly idea catches on, as outlined in a classified ad in the *Alaska Highway News*, in Fort St. John, B.C.:

"Young man who is paid the second and fourth week of every month and is broke by the first and third week of every month would like to exchange small loans with a man who is paid first and third week of every month. Write box ..."

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true anecdotes. Address Parade c/o Maclean's.



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'65 Mercury

quietly, unmistakably distinctive, rich in the Lincoln Continental tradition





Park Lane convertible, one of the Ford Family of Fine Products built in Canada.

From the thrust of its classic hood along the length of its gracefully styled body, to the sculptured beauty of its handsome trunk deck, Mercury for 1965 dramatizes luxury, rich in the Lincoln Continental tradition.

Interiors are more than luxurious. They're magnificent, ranging from crush-grain vinyl to rich brocaded cloth. You'll find equally important refinements in handling and ride. Wider track, longer wheel base and all-coil suspension make every road feel like a red carpet. Mercury's "compliance-tuned" frame contains four torque boxes that actually let the frame flex a little to absorb vibration. Mercury takes care of your comfort in 4-door hardtop models with new front-to-back Unidow ventilation. And there's the already famous Breezeway roofline with its power-operated rear window ventilation.

If you want to experience a new dignity in driving, a new leadership in automobile engineering, examine the 1965 Mercury — at your Mercury dealer's.

3600

See the '65 Mercury, Meteor and Comet at your Mercury dealer MERCURY



Flying out hunters is easy—it's 900-pound moose that take some work

she seemed pleased and important as she climbed sprily up the plane a ladder

St Anthony snuggled around a harbor was quite large — maybe three thousand residents The Grenfell hospital was the dominant building A green panel truck, with the Grenfell white cross, was waiting for us on the wharf from it emerged two smiling young mothers with bundled new babies three Eskimo children an old man and two young men all eager for the plane ride to their Labrador homes in Seal Bight Mary's Harbor Black Tickle and Battleau

I left the ambulance plane at St Anthony I had a chance to fly back to Gander in another plane with Marshall Jones, EPA's vice-president At the ramshackle old Grenfell hospital, which has a staff of forty one hundred and twenty beds and one hundred and fifty patients (nobody explained where they put them) I was shown plans for a six million dollar building that will be started this year by the Newfoundland government and operated by the Grenfell Association At the hospital I sat with the radio operator and plane dispatcher a volunteer Mennonite boy from Pennsylvania, as he listened to and answered messages from three nursing stations on the Labrador coast. He told me that in a year an EPA pilot at St Anthony makes up to three hundred trips with fifteen hundred landings sometimes flying nine hours a day While we talked a message came over radio that a pregnant woman in Englee needed a mercy flight if her baby was not to be born dead. An hour and a half later she was at St Anthony Then Marsh Jones and I headed back for Gander

Patients come through the roof

From Gander I flew to St John's, where an EPA man Curtis Le Grow took me on a sight seeing tour He showed me a new fourteen-story nurses' residence the roof of which will be a heliport for emergency patients Then we drove to Octagon Pond an EPA base on the outskirts of the Newfoundland capital Bush pilot Ted Piercey was standing by for a message to bring in four hunters and four moose "We take two trips in a Beaver Moose weigh up to nine hundred pounds The guides skin and quarter them and we fly them to Gander where they are frozen before being sent on to the homes of the hunters."

Mike Byrne, a mechanic at Octagon Pond, contributed the information that it was Piercey who flew the survey party along the route of the power line Joey Smallwood wants so bad to open up Labrador and make Newfoundland rich."

It was at Gander while I was fogbound that Marshall Jones and Bill Harris another EPA vice president filled me in on the history of their airline.

It started with a war surplus Piper Cub that Eric Blackwood an RCAF veteran, bought in 1949 Jones and Harris joined him and bought an old Stinson and hired a girl to run an office at St John's. Jones and Blackwood flew Harris was the engineer EPA now has twenty stations scattered around and its pilots mind radio all plane positions each half hour but at first its only ground depots were drums of gasoline cached in underbrush or buried in snow — gasoline a pilot would strain through an old hat when he had to refuel—and there was no radio With bush operations ambulance flights and mail contracts, EPA soon had five aircraft Blackwood pulled out leaving Harris and Jones in charge Meanwhile another regional airline Maritime Central, had come into being — a real competitor Both companies got big contracts shuttling men and materials for the DEW and Pine Tree radar lines and the iron-ore developments in northeastern Quebec and Labrador The company brought in A J. Lewington as general manager He is now president

By 1963 EPA had overtaken its



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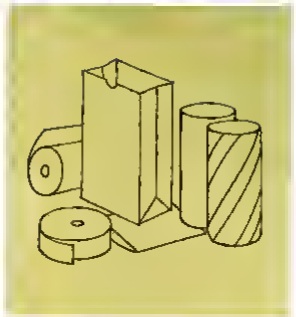
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rival Maritime Central and bought it out with an assist from the Newfoundland government which guaranteed the loans from the bank it needed for the deal. The purchase gave EPA a total of forty aircraft, seventy pilots, four hundred and twenty-five employees and an annual payroll of more than two million dollars.

EPA's heaviest traffic currently is to Wabush Lake near Labrador's southwestern border eight hundred miles from St. John's and revolves around the new iron mines. Joe Smallwood insisted that sixty percent of the workers there be Newfoundlanders. There are no highways to Wabush — the railway — to Sept Iles, Que. — is for ore alone, so the only access to Wabush from Newfoundland is by plane. EPA has flown thousands of Newfoundlanders to Wabash — sometimes families with as many as a dozen children.

I flew from Gander to Wabush over the icy Labrador wilds which look as though the glacial migration had passed over them lately and we landed on a gravel airstrip midway between Wabush and Labrador City, three miles apart on the curving shore of Wabush Lake. Labrador City, which didn't exist five years ago, now has five thousand people. Bunkhouses, a trailer camp area and square boxing units made of asbestos shingle give it the look of a suddenly risen frontier town, but it also has streets of neat houses, a tall apartment building, a growing shopping centre, a hockey arena, dance clubs, a theatre, a hospital, modern schools. Father Ronselle, the Roman Catholic missionary at Labrador City, was dissatisfied with the flimsy shack provided for his masses, so he installed a battery of slot machines — "one armed bandits" — to raise funds for a better church. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police accused him of running a gambling joint, but he persuaded them not to press charges. The profits of the slot machines paid for the new stone church on the main street where six masses a day are celebrated now.

The iron mining operation of the Iron Ore Company of Canada, Labrador City's reason for being, has been producing for more than a year. The mine of Wabush Mines, at Wabush, is not in production yet, but since 1962 $305 million has been invested there on mining and processing facilities, maintenance shops and a complete town with well-lighted paved streets, water system, sewage-disposal plant, apartments, dormitory residences, brick and frame houses, playgrounds, a cafeteria that serves two thousand men, a two-million-dollar school, a theatre, a gymnasium, a bowling alley and the Sir Wilfred Grenfell Hotel, not unlike a Swiss Alpine inn, where I sipped excellent dry martinis and dined on seals' flipper, bourguignonne filet mignon with fresh mushrooms, washed down with a good Beaujolais and *tarte pêche*.

From Wabush I flew to Goose Bay, Labrador, EPA's sales manager was on the plane. "We will carry anything that will go in an aircraft," he told me. "We've flown cars up to Goose, machinery, booths and displays for an industrial fair, flowers for parties, for women having babies. Once we flew a horse. Last week the officers' wives at the United States Air Force base were having a raffle and

continued on page 58



You don't need Montreal Trust to shoot in Scotland
(but it helps)

Who goes shooting in Scotland anyway? Well there are some people who do — some of our clients perhaps we know many who are in a position to spend the rest of their lives shooting in Scotland if they really want to (and the people at the British Travel office assure us that there is sufficient game). The point is we find that the people who can afford to do this kind of thing are the type of people who consistently use our specialized services and knowledge regarding investments, estate planning, real estate management and taxes. When you stop to think of it, there's every reason why you too should turn this sort of thing over to us, allowing yourself a maximum amount of time for business, travel — and recreation. Why not consult one of our Special Representatives at the Montreal Trust office nearest you?

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PARADE

He likes their Gaul

French radio stations in predominantly English-speaking parts of the country may have a surprisingly high audience rating if many listeners are like one Edmonton barber. He keeps



his shop radio tuned to CHFA all day long and his customers seem to enjoy it as much as he does. "I don't understand French but I do like the music," he explained to one of them. "And the commercials don't bother me a bit."

It loves children

The Volkswagen Station Bus is a playroom on wheels. Everybody gets space to sit, room to stand, and a window to see. Dad gets 31 miles to a gallon of gas. And mother gets to drive because this enormous vehicle is just 9 inches longer than our little beetle-shaped car. (And four feet shorter than a lot of station wagons.)



wanted me to get them prizes. I got them a live pig from New Brunswick, a live turkey from Prince Edward Island and a live duck from St John's."

As we circled over Goose Bay I could see four communities connected by asphalt strips running through scrubby wasteland. One is Happy Valley, a town of five thousand civilians that is desperately trying to get piped water and sewers before it gets typhoid. Its people are Labrador whites, Indians, Eskimos and breeds of all three. A family there pays forty dollars a month for electricity, a dollar for a cabbage, sixty-nine cents for a head of lettuce. Another community is the RCAF base with perhaps two thousand residents. A third is the USAF base, where the official count of personnel is supposed to be sixty-seven hundred and there is a $400-million investment in barracks, hangars and other buildings. The last and loneliest is a department of transport base, where the employees, as civil servants, feel superior to the natives of Happy Valley, but are not recognized by the lofty military hierarchy.

The lovely, wind-blown Magdalen Islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence were the last port of call on my tour of the EPA's web of scheduled routes. They have infinite charm: these islands, where gaily painted houses are scattered over green hills like colored hankies, long white beaches, sandstone cliffs almost the color of autumn leaves, clusters of fishing craft around little wharves.

While I waited at the airport at Grindstone, the chief town of the Magdalens, for a plane that was five hours late because of a fog over Prince Edward Island, a fisherman told me the isolated but lovely archipelago would be lost without EPA to link it to the mainland. "We can go lost," he said, "and in winter when no ships are coming, it brings our mail, and in springtime, how nice! The seats on one side of the plane they can turn down and carry for us fluffy baby chicks in cardboard boxes, beep beep."

After the Magdalens, back to Moncton for an Air Canada plane to Toronto. There, an EPA stewardess, Miss Fitz Randolph, an extraordinarily pretty girl who had just flown in from St. John's, said to me excitedly, "Guess what? Joey Smallwood was one of my passengers. And on my last trip a millionaire from England asked me to marry him!" She laughed merrily. "Can you imagine selling shoes or face cream or working in an office when you can have a life like this?"

Her question seemed to me to sum up how practically everybody feels who has a job with the curiously exciting, adventurous, friendly and incredibly versatile airline that means so much to so many people in the Atlantic region. ★

JASPER — By Simpkins



Well, you may be able to spot some bears, but I doubt it.



Mr. Theodorus Niemeyer, sole [illegible] tobacco fur Snuff in Groningen, Holland.

"Permit me to introduce you to the keen flavour and aroma of rare, exotic Pipe Tobaccos

There is truly new pleasure awaiting you in your first pipeful of Sail pipe tobacco.

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fine flavour and aroma are skillfully wed according to the secret Niemeyer blending recipe. This treasured recipe—passed down for 146 years in the Niemeyer family—is the key to the distinctive taste and aroma that Sail smokers enjoy.

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The Niemeyer recipe calls for 14 different tobaccos from plantations in Paraguay, Turkey, Syria, Java and many other countries. These tobaccos are cured by a special process which makes Sail extra mild. Then, to enhance your enjoyment of Sail, the tobacco is Dutch Cake Cut to give you a remarkably cool and lasting smoke.

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You will discover, as pipe smokers in more than 40 other countries have, that Sail has character all its own. Available in two blends: Sail Regular (yellow pouch or tin), Sail Aromatic (green pouch or tin).



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MAILBAG

An apology / Help the poor help themselves / What's wrong with guns?

I HAVE JUST finished perusing your magazine of February 20 and have noticed with astonishment the cartoon on page 4 headed Pearson and Diefenbaker Shades of World War I You have shown Mr Diefenbaker in the uniform of the German Army and I cannot understand how you can suggest that he is other than the most loyal and fervent Canadian You should know that he enlisted in the Canadian Army

A A PETERS STRASBOURG SASK

Maclean's deeply regrets that the cartoon could have been construed as derogatory to Mr Diefenbaker whose loyalty and devotion to his country are beyond question We apologize to him and to our readers who like Mr Peters may have read into the drawing a meaning that was wholly unintended

Poverty how do you fight it?

I congratulate Alan Phillips for his article *Our Invisible Poor* (February 20) He has shown understanding, insight and compassion

BOB DOUGLAS EDMONTON

* Phillips implies that one fifth of our population is in want in spite of the four billion dollars we spend on welfare every year Something must be done for these people — but not more welfare that has ruined too many already Instead of a pension plan and medicare, at an estimated cost of two billion a year which many of us do not want anyway the government should put into effect a sound rehabilitation program in these pockets of poverty and it should include a birth-control plan

W CHADMAN KINGSTON

* To keep Phillips up to date only very small tractors can be bought for three thousand dollars ten thousand is not at all uncommon out here A commune would be about the same He knows by now, of course that the price of wheat has dropped

MRS M BOYES, DOMREMY SASK

* The federal government should set up job-retraining centres all across Canada The rewards would be tremendous Give these people the tools to assist themselves and they will do it

EDWARD E SEYMOUR GALT ONT

* I quote from the article "ARDA is frustrated by a lack of trained community-development officers men with the patience and skill to work with poorly educated people without imposing their views upon them "If we can train commandos in wartime' says Dick Hodges, 'surely we can train community leaders!' But as yet we have not a single training centre." The last statement is not true The Coady Institute of Antigonish Nova Scotia has been training community leaders from all over the world for several years Let's take a page from the Communists and apply their tactics to the training of community leaders. Leadership is needed at the grassroots level From every community pick out the leaders — paytag special attention to young people — and ship them to the Coady Institute for an intensive leadership course of four months If the institute has been training community leaders for dozens of countries all over the world surely its techniques must be worth examining as a solution for our challenging problem of poverty

REV E M BRODERICK ST PATRICK'S CHURCH SOUTH NELSON N B

What's failure good for?

Thanks for Morley Callaghan's *The Pleasure Of Failure* (March 6) He shows great common sense and deep understanding of people. As a high-school teacher and writer.. I would recommend his article to parents, youth and teachers. As someone who

continued on page 62



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has been experiencing the pleasures of failure for many years. I can only say that Callaghan's advice works!
ROBERT TOMPKINS FORT SMITH, NWT

* Your cover blurb reads "How Failure Helped Me To Succeed." Who said Callaghan has succeeded?
HOMER B. SEEFY LONDON, ONT

* He is billed as a "famed author" perhaps. I have been missing something as this is the first time I have heard the name. I had somewhat the same experience but I did not look for a shoulder on which to cry. The alternative was to open markets in Europe in countries. There was no "pleasure" even in temporary failure.
ALLEN ROY EVANS VANCOUVER

Real sin is being caught

Re *How The Scandals Could Tie Pearson's Hands as He Tries To Shuf fle His Cabinet* Reports February 6. Who is Blair Fraser (and all other news writers and commentators) trying to kid? It's time such people stop playing around with such empty camouflage words as scandals, incompetence, bribe, drug-smuggling, scrapings, minority, mylodorons, reputation, errors of omission" etc. The only reason there is ever any so-called public fuss about any such matters is that newsmen create and propagandize it. Let's face it, the average citizen knows damn well that very few people are all good or all bad and that most of us are good-bad. We also all know that "friendship" is the beginning of favoritism and that paying off a beneficial deed with the time honored bottle is in essence no different from a two thousand-dollar bribe. It all amounts to what we so conveniently and hypocritically call "cheating." And it is as in all such cases not a matter of what is done or not done but a matter of whether or not one is caught in doing or not doing it. — FREDERIC R. COTE, OTTAWA

Get your goat, Parker?

According to In The Editors' Confidence (February 20) artist Lewis Parker searched for a one-syllable animal to depict in his illustration for *Everybody's Guide To Happy Oblivion — Sleep*. He couldn't find one and the closest he could come was "chinchimmon." How about "ibex"? That's just one syllable from the goat.
ETTA J. JANSSENS OTTAWA

The better loophole

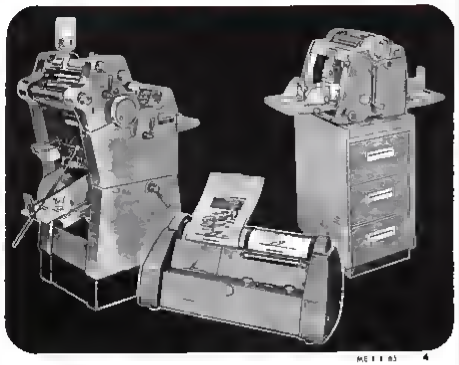
Re Ted Ferguson's informative story on bankruptcy fraud in Quebec (*Our New Style Crooks A New Fraud Squad* Reports, March 6). Actually in Quebec more and more failures of incorporated companies (federal or provincial charters) have come under the Federal Winding Up Act. I can see no reason why this practice should not spread elsewhere. The Bankruptcy Act was revised in 1949. The Federal Winding Up Act was passed in 1895 and has received little revision (if any) since then. It is unwieldy and has loopholes you could drive a truck through. With the FWU Act available, a credit crook with a company charter is a fool to use the Bankruptcy Act. Before revising the Bankruptcy Act the FWU Act should be looked into first. In fact it would not be a bad idea to abolish it altogether. Any provisions in it that are necessary can be incorporated into either the Bankruptcy Act or the Federal Companies Act or both.
M. F. PERRIS MCF MONTREAL

Bang!

Well you've done it again! Another blast at firearms (Vol. *We Have A Chance To Abolish Capital Punishment. Let's Not Muff It With Sentiment* Editorial January 23). But you are beginning to get onto the right track. The statement that use of firearms in the commission of a crime should be justification for a mandatory jail sentence is a good one. It is a statement that will be backed by the thousands who oppose further restrictions on gun ownership — an answer that is a *real* deterrent to the use (or rather misuse) of firearms. The gun itself is no more dangerous than is a parked car, a beer bottle or a baseball bat. But place any one of these in the hands of a criminal or a maniac and it becomes a lethal weapon. We must legislate against the criminal, not against his tools. By antifirearms legislation we are only creating headaches for persons using firearms as tools for perfectly legal pursuits.
A. R. WARNER TOFIELD, ALTA.

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Army isn't "learning" it is

In your article on The Salvation Army (*A Hundred Years Of War — And This Army Has Only Begun To Fight* March 6) you make the statement that The Army is also learning to think of itself as a *church* — with middle-class congregations, pastors, and Sunday schools." The Army always has thought of itself as a church first and foremost. If this is not true your article is about a different Salvation Army than the one I was brought up in. — I. W. MERCER, PTE., RCAF, ACCRA, GHANA

Gas stations, yes—but so many?

When asked to comment on duplication of gasoline stations (Maclean's Asks The Experts February 20) W. O. Twaits, president of Imperial Oil took the Little Jack Horner approach. He pulled out a plum and said: What a good boy am I. The fact that the numbers of autos has increased faster than gasoline stations may not be meaningful. The real question is: are there more than society needs? The answer is obvious. The first step in the solution of a problem is to admit that there *is* a problem. Ostrichlike methods will not do.
H. T. FOWLER, SASKATOON

Why did the deadwood die?

In his examination of the problem of executive deadwood (*When It's Time To Fire People That Hurt-Headed Boss Of Yours Is Far Too Soft-hearted* Argument, February 20), Geoffrey Heighington offers this solution: fire the lot. This I submit is superficial and unrealistic. Workable alternatives are often available such as early retirement at an adjusted pension, transfer (which in spite of its nuisance can be the best solution) and even demotion. If a company is top-heavy with unproductive people it is symptomatic of a malaise within the organization that wholesale firings will not cure, even though they may save the firm some money in the short run. The company would be wise to re-examine its promotion policy and its system of performance appraisal. If the man was once a bull of fire and is now ready for the dust bin, have rigidities, conflicts, poor communications in the organization created within our friendly attitudes of hostilities and/or indifference? Finally, might not the existence of a lot of "surplus" people in the organization constitute a challenge? Management might find ways to use this reserve to expand business.
ALLAN A. PORTER, VANCOUVER

The question

Mrs. Barbara Cohen says she "dreads the day" when her children will question her about events in 1940 (Mailbag, February 20). Does she not dread the day she will have to answer her children "with a semblance of objectivity" when they show her some hate literature they have been given and ask her: Mom, are we to be gassed or sterilized?
ETSA KOCH, VANCOUVER

The "Pew" before Berton's

I am surprised at the fuss about Pierre Berton's book *The Comfortable Pew (A Churchman Talks Back To Critics Of The Church)*. Because in your issue of July 16, 1960 I read the same message in fewer words, in your column For The Sake Of Argument (*Our Churches Are Damning The Wrong Kinds Of Sin*). It was written by the Rev. W. E. Mann, at that time assistant professor of rural sociology at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph. Not all his ideas were the same as Berton's but the essential message was the same. — MRS. KATHERINE R. DANIEL, RED DEER, ALTA. ★



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MACLEAN'S REVIEWS

APRIL 17, 1965 VOLUME 78 NUMBER 9

OP ART: THE FASHION THAT FOOLS THE EYE

OP ART — the kind that plays tricks with your eyes — is supposed to be instantaneous, the idea is to befuddle the viewer's retina the instant he looks at the picture. But the leading Canadian practitioner of this highly marketable style is anything but instantaneous. He's an intensely serious thirty-one-year-old Montrealer named Yves Gaucher, and last year he turned out exactly *two* new designs. In 1963, a bumper year, his total was six.

But even this slender output has been sufficient to bring him worldwide recognition. He's exhibited in New York, Paris, London and lesser art capitals in Yugoslavia, Chile, Switzerland, Austria and Japan. His prints are included in the permanent collections of the Library of Congress, New York's Museum of Modern Art, Chicago's Art Institute and London's Victoria and Albert Museum.

And since Gaucher turns out from fifteen to thirty prints of each design and sells them for up to two hundred dollars each, he can now afford to work full-time at printmaking in the basement of his three-story town house in Montreal's Old City. In earlier, less prosperous years, he fleshed out his artistic income by working as a bellboy, waiter, insurance clerk and Fuller Brush man.

Gaucher's prints, for all the time they take to produce, are deceptively simple. Most of them consist of lines, dots or squares laid against a monochromatic background. But his artful patterns perform strange tricks. To some viewers they appear to move, or switch perspective, or take on an added dimension—just like the optical illusions that bemused several generations of newspaper readers in Ripley's *Believe It Or Not*.

The effects aren't easily achieved. Gaucher often paints the background for a print, hangs it on a wall under bright lights, and studies it for weeks or even months—'so the color will seep into my mind.' When he feels there's been enough seepage, he starts laying various patterns against the background until he finds one that satisfies him. Then he cranks out prints of the final design on an 1882-vintage press he bought for seventy-five dollars. Even then Gaucher isn't always satisfied. "It's the materials that kill me," he says. "They cost a fortune. Sometimes I go through a hundred drawings a day or use twenty-five different colors on one design—and then throw it away."

Gaucher has been committed to experimental printmaking ever since he left Montreal's Ecole des Beaux Arts six years ago. But it wasn't until the fall of 1962, when he was visiting Paris on the proceeds of a one year Canada Council grant, that he started developing his present style. The transition was launched, Gaucher says, by a concert of works by the late Austrian composer Anton Webern. "That concert was the greatest shock of my life," he says. "The music seemed to send little darts of sound out into space, where they expanded and took on a whole new quality of their own."

Gaucher spent the next year trying to do on paper what Webern had done with sound. The result: in 1963, was a three-print series entitled *Hommage to Webern*. Last year he shipped one of the Webern prints, along with four others, to the third international exhibition of colored prints in Grenchen, Switzerland. Out of four thousand entries, Gaucher's prints took second prize.

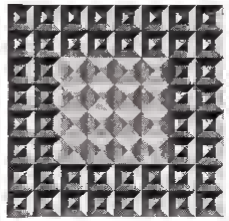
That show cemented his reputation. Today although he's branching out into sculpture and easel painting, he's still committed to the impersonal geometric style that New York Times critic John Canaday calls "a dark horse that has turned into this season's top dog."

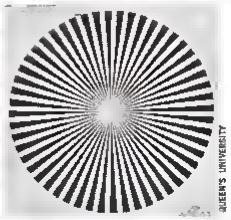
Op art has been a long time arriving, and Gaucher is by no means Canada's only practitioner. "Old" masters like Mondrian and Kandinsky experimented with retinal gimmicks decades ago, and other Canadians, such as Marcel Barbeau, Ralph Allen and Claude Tousignant, have exhibited widely here and abroad. All of them seem committed to the proposition that pictures, as a visual medium, should concentrate on being *just* visual, without involving the other senses.

"Art," says Gaucher, "must speak to the eyes if it is to reach the soul."

TED FERGUSON

Op art works like those illusions that Ripley used to run in his comic strip and — believe it or not — people are buying. Upper two op operations by Ralph Allen, director of Queen's University's art centre. Lower, Montreal's Yves Gaucher





QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY



JOHN MAK

ONE CHURCH'S "MARKET RESEARCH"

New light on why the United Church's pews are so comfortable

IF THE UNITED CHURCH is to survive, it must be two-faced and somehow avoid a purely suburban "bedroom ministry."

So says the Rev. Stewart Crysdale, BA, BComm, BD, ThM, MA, who has just spent a year gathering and analyzing the opinions and attitudes of a sampling (which he devised himself) of members, clergymen and other adherents of the United Church of Canada.

Crysdale made the survey over the objections of some United Church administrators who (according to inside sources in the church's Toronto "Vatican") were afraid he might rock the boat. He won out, though, with the backing of the powerful Board of Evangelism and Social Service, of which he is an assistant secretary.

Now he has just issued results of questionnaires returned by 1 708 United Church laymen, 247 pastors and other ministers, and 201 congregations.

Crysdale's 100-question booklet for laymen probed into such sensitive areas as politics, attitudes toward Jews, and belief in whether Christ really walked on the water (sixty-two percent said they believe He did).

Some replies were enough to curl even Crysdale's gray brush cut. "My politics," wrote one Manitoban, "are none of the church's business."

"Just ignore this whole bloody eye-wash," a minister scrawled across his congregation's answers. "These people are being too kind to me. Things aren't really that good."

Crysdale's central diagnosis of his church's problem — "urbanism" — isn't news itself. But looking to its future results he foresees traditional religious beliefs breaking down faster than ever. And while middle-aged and elderly adherents look to the church to reaffirm the faith of their fathers, younger church members will continue to insist on a more liberal doctrine.

"To meet this situation, the church must perform the difficult feat of facing two ways at the same time," he says. But he also wonders if the church can continue liberalizing its theology "to the point of unbelief." (The fundamentalist bloc has already accused the church of doing so in its revised Sunday school curriculum, which includes ultra-liberal interpretations of familiar old Bible stories.)

Other Crysdale discoveries:

● ONCE A MAJORITY in Ontario and most other provinces, United Church members are now a minority in many places — and bewildered over it. Toronto's west end, with thousands of newcomers who are Polish, German,

Italian, Ukrainian and Austrian Roman Catholics, is a prime example. "Expensive cars surround them (United Churches) on Sunday morning when faithful members drive downtown (from the suburbs) to church. Sunday over the front doors are locked securely and the new society takes over the neighborhood for another week."

- EIGHTY-SIX percent of United Church members claim British origin.
- NINETY-NINE percent are white.
- LAYMEN are pretty ignorant of their own ministers stands on social problems and customs. Only forty nine percent thought their ministers would approve of dancing in the church hall whereas eighty four percent of the clergy were in favor. And while the ministers strongly oppose state lotteries and capital punishment only a minority of laymen realized it (in the case of lotteries, forty four percent; capital punishment twenty three percent).
- BELIEFS in "a personal God" and the divinity of Jesus were affirmed by more than four respondents out of five, but only forty percent said they believe in Biblical accounts of miracles, and only twenty-one percent endorsed the traditional notion that a child is born in a state of sin.

Crysdale's awareness of such departures from the old dogma was probably expressed best by one last month's decision he made just as his report was going into production as a soft-cover book. The title was to have been *The Church In Changing Canada*. Through an artist's error it came out *The Changing Church In Canada*.

And Crysdale decided to leave it that way.

HOW TV IS SPOILING ALL THE FUN

And why TV charades are worse than the kind you play at home

THE ONLY TELEVISION PROGRAM I know of anywhere on which you can see men kissing other men's wives is *It's Your Move* (CTV, every weekday at 3:30 p.m. EST). Monday evenings at 8 p.m. EST). The kisses are both friendly and frenzied. They're also the most entertaining part of the show. They come when one two-person team beats another two-person team at a version of the party game that used to be known by such names as Charades, Stinky-Pinky or simply The Game.

The wrinkle *It's Your Move* has added is that the teams bid against each other for the privilege of acting out ridiculously easy phrases — "alligator shoes," "panty girdle," "first aid kit."

The team that offers to do it most quickly gets to try, and if its actor fails to communicate the phrase to his partner in the time they've bid, the other team wins. First team to win three prizes wins a game. That's when the partners often kiss, if they're of opposite sexes. (Two-woman teams usually confine themselves to hugging or leaping in the air. I haven't seen any two-man teams yet. This probably says something favorable about men's dignity.)

It's Your Move is a trivial program, even by CTV's standards, and I mention it only because it seems to me one more symptom of the way television is trying to take the fun out of things — and all too often succeeding.

Like most people I first learned about charades at home, and in the pre-television age I spent some very pleasant evening hours embarrassing myself and trying to outwit my family and friends. Later, and with regret, I saw the game taken over by the professional semi-sophisticates of American television the Orson Beans and Merey Amsterdams and Peggy Casses.

But I could accept this version. The professionals at least tried impossibly complex phrases and invented a frequently hilarious new vocabulary of pantomime. They were better than, and nearly as entertaining as, the players in my own league, and their skills inspired our home play.

But CTV has removed all the wit and most of the fun. Now it's the competition and the prizes that count. See the plump lady indicate "girdle"! See the housewife burble over winning a Polaroid Land Camera! See the salesman kiss his partner! And they say TV is killing *conversation*.

I AGREED with much of what the CBC announcers said in their brief to the Fowler committee on broadcasting last month, but I don't think I'd defend very strongly their right to say it.

It's one thing to argue as the announcers who signed the brief did, for more freedom for the creative people of the CBC to exercise their integrity. It's another to make certain one's own house is in order. The corner of the announcers' house that disturbs me is their willingness to peddle their services to commercial sponsors.

In as much fairness as I can muster on the subject of television commercials, *someone* has to read them. Reading the words some agency has prepared on behalf of a sponsor is certainly no less moral than saysetting the type for a printed ad. Which is to say it's not immoral at all.

But there is something questionable, surely, about the man who reads the evening news on the national network also pleading the merits of a particular brand of toothpaste or a particular kind of car. The *authority* he's selling to the toothpaste company is not some quality he has developed on his own. His skill, after all, is exactly parallel to that of the type-setter: he is part of the medium.

What he's selling is rather something the CBC — that paragon of impartiality — has granted to him: the aura of fairness and incorruptibility that the national news itself carries. And it seems to me there's a legitimate question about whether he's got the right to sell it.

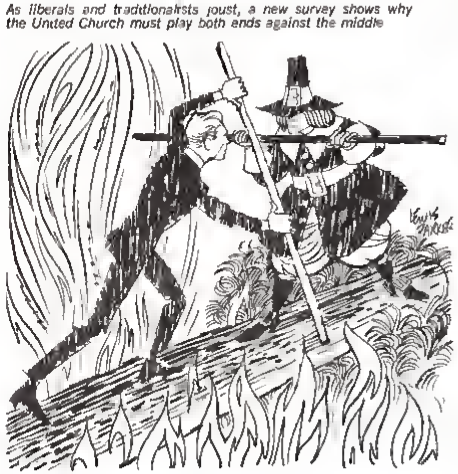
The other side of the coin is just as important. I don't think for a moment that there's any real question of the CBC news being read in a distorted way by someone who also does commercials. But no the CBC — the only medium in the country whose fairness in news coverage ought to be *guaranteed* — there shouldn't be any *possibility* of the question being raised. There isn't, interestingly enough, on those evilly commercial American networks.

My own point of view is that the CBC should simply legislate against its any announcer should be allowed to take any commercial assignments he can get, and good luck to him, but if he takes one he shouldn't be allowed to read the news.

If the CBC won't make this rule, it seems to me the announcers ought to impose some discipline on themselves. Either that or stop sounding off about other people's integrity.

STRABO

As liberals and traditionalists joust, a new survey shows why the United Church must play both ends against the middle



THE MEN BEHIND THE TAILFINS

In Detroit, they come in two sizes: bad guys and even worse guys

IT ISN'T often that a single misprint makes a significant point about the book in which it appears. But in Edwin Gilbert's novel, *American Chrome* (Longmans Canada; $6.95), an old man speaks of a "bastrad." The word neatly describes the few characters who aren't quite such outright bastards as most of the others. The old man with the revealing misprint is Red Quinnley, a car dealer in suburban Detroit and the father of Smith Quinnley — a young man who fled Detroit some years before the story begins and went to New York to edit one of those sports-car magazines.

Since magazines like that are highly and specifically contemptuous of what they call "Detroit iron," young Quinnley had thus cut himself off pretty conclusively from his home town, and knew he couldn't expect much of a welcome if he ever went back. Yet go back he does as this long and enthralling novel opens, because old Red has developed heart trouble and needs help in running his big dealership.

The dutiful son is met at the airport by Ann, the youngest daughter of Codman Smith, president of Bellgard Motors and head of a Detroit dynasty; and from then on *American Chrome* is concerned with this dynasty in particular, and with the automobile industry in general — chiefly as seen through the eyes of young Quinnley.

What he sees is an unrelieved vista of moral shabbiness, inhabited by only two types of characters — the bad guys and the even worse guys. And it's this two-tone consistency, rather than the detailed exposures of particular lapses in business ethics, that gives the novel both its value and its compelling and rather chilling fascination.

I'm sure most people today are at least dimly aware of some of the sharp practises of many car dealers — especially *used*-car dealers — and of certain indications that Detroit is less concerned with the safety and quality of its cars than it is with sales. Nor do most people need to be told that at the executive level in the automobile business, unscrupulous jockeying for promotion is by no means unknown. But although Edwin Gilbert provides plenty of examples of these aspects of the auto industry in his book, his principal achievement is to build up an overall atmosphere which is at once repellent and stifling: less a moral climate than a moral vacuum.

Therefore, *American Chrome*, unlike most novels of the frankly popular sort, can stand being thought about seriously by the reader; indeed, it actually gains in attraction when it's read in that way. The novel even gains from its unusual length and the consequent and agreeable possibility of unhurried appreciation — together with an equally agreeable though less admirable, feeling that the author has given you your money's worth.

JAMES BANNERMAN

SON OF LAWRENCE OF ARABIA

Lord Jim proves that if an idea's good, it's worth doing again—badly

HOLLYWOOD SEEMS to have an unwritten law that if a picture is worth making once, it's worth making at least twice. There is little enough evidence to support this notion, but we still get cycles, remakes, and sequels.

Following the success of Bette Davis and Joan Crawford in *Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?* we had *Dead Ringer* (Bette Davis the poor two kills Bette Davis the rich twin) and Joan Crawford as an axe-murderess in *Strait-Jacket* with heads rolling in the aisles. Now there's *Hush ... Hush, Sweet Charlotte*.

Charlotte was planned as a retread match for the two great dames, but Miss Crawford took ill and Olivia de Havilland, who had proved her capacity for high-style horror in *Lady In A Cage*, leaps into the breach. *Charlotte* is not exactly a sequel to *Baby Jane* but it has so many elements in common (female bitchery, family feuds, baroque brutality) that it seems like last year's movie, reheated, no matter how ingeniously director Robert Aldrich sets about shocking you.

Bette Davis plays essence of southern belle living in an essence of southern plantation house (do the movies own that house?). The first sequence finds her married lover trying to cope with Bette's domineering daddy (Victor Buono), and the next one finds the lover getting his hand and his head chopped off with a meat cleaver after jilting her. Nothing quite so interesting happens for another hour until Joseph Cotton turns up looking like a Frankenstein monster. Still it was worth it all to see Agnes Moorehead playing Velma, the essence of slovenly servant. Velma accurately predicts what's going on: "Ah knows it, ah just knows it," she says. But then which of us in the audience didn't?

LORD JIM, the latest ten-million-dollar spectacular, can't be accused of being a sequel, but it's at least a kissing cousin to *Lawrence of Arabia*.

Here is Peter O'Toole blond and godlike as ever (he must be the only star to become a heart throb without actually playing a love scene on the screen), rescuing the natives of a foreign land from a wicked warlord (Eli Wallach) and giving them the capital F kind of Freedom.

The grateful desert Arabs called him "El Aurens," and the Asian natives of Joseph Conrad's fictional land of Patusan call him "Twan Jim."

Once again, O'Toole lets his followers down when he starts to believe his own press clippings and tries to apply western morality in a strictly eastern context.

But this time O'Toole is just camping it up. He is mannered to the point of being embarrassing as Conrad's guilt ridden marine officer looking for another chance to redeem himself. Despite the romantic appeal of sunsets among the magnificent ruins of Angkor Vat, an eight-hundred year-old religious ghost town, despite the excitement of moonlit jungle battles, and the exoticism of native rituals, *Lord Jim* is a mixed-up speechifying bore. Action fans will resent the windy dialogue about fate, destiny, luck, cowardice, heroism and all that. And those who like a good meaty drama will simply be baffled, bothered and bewildered.

WENDY MICHENER

Dahlia Lavi and Peter O'Toole play it puzzling in Lord Jim — a movie that Wendy Michener calls "a mixed-up speechifying bore."



YOUR BEST BET IN BACH

Also: chrome-plated Debussy and a new bird named Stitt

BACH: Cantatas Nos. 35 and 42 (Westminster). Contralto Maureen Forrester, conductor Hermann Scherchen, organist Herbert Tachez and members of the Vienna Radio Orchestra have yielded perhaps the most exciting and beautiful performance of the solo Cantata *Geist Und Seele Wird Verwirret* that one can ever hope to hear. Miss Forrester's awesome skill is evident when she masters the fiendishly difficult triplets in *Where Joyful Hallelujahs Rise With All The Angel Chorus Singing*. This recording could have been the contralto's apogee had the Westminster engineers reduced the reverberation and eliminated the surface noise that opens and closes the performance. Cantata No. 42 with soprano Teresa Stich-Randall, Maureen Forrester, tenor Alexander Young and bass John Boyden is an outstanding performance but is less compelling than the first side.

- PHILIPPE ENTREMONT: Debussy for Piano (Columbia). This recording proves that it takes more than being French to play the works of France's favorite son. The thirty - year - old French pianist burdens the composer's subtle imagery to steel and plates it with chrome. Included are Debussy's *Children's Corner Suite*, *Images Bk. 1 and 2* as well as *Prelude, Sarabande* and *Toccata*.

DON NEWLANDS

- SONNY STITT QUINTET: STITT PLAYS BIRD (Atlantic). Sonny Stitt is the alto saxophonist most firmly in the tradition of the incomparable Charlie (Bird) Parker. On this LP he attacks a number of his master's compositions. The results are vigorous, well-played, frequently fresh improvisations, and, for jazz buffs of the 1940s who recall Parker tunes like *Ornithology* and *Scrapple from the Apple* with nostalgic affection, Stitt offers reassuring evidence that the tunes still hold up as interesting, challenging pieces of music.

JO

NEW BOOM FOR AN OLD BEAR

JASPER, the amiable bear who's been charming *Maclean's* readers for the past sixteen years, has finally made it off the printed page and into the three - dimensional world of comic-strip promotions. A Vancouver novelty salesman named Stanley Lenko is now promoting Jasper balloons and a family of mantelpiece - sized Jasper figurines. In the best Canadian tradition, the figurines are made in Japan, where Lenko says a factory has already turned out more than six thousand of them.

The factory is also paying a ten-percent royalty fee to Lenko and Jasper's creator, Montreal cartoonist James Simpkins. This percentage says Lenko, puts Jasper into the tycoon class. "The only other character I know of who gets ten percent," he says, "is Ookpik."

TV HIGHLIGHTS

On your screen this fortnight

- WORLD OF SPORTS: An hour - long special on the annual Oxford-Cambridge boat race on the Thames (CBC, Saturday, April 10, 2 p.m. EST).
- WALT DISNEY presents *Kids Is Kids*, an hour-long cartoon comedy involving a child psychologist and Donald Duck (CTV, Sunday, April 11, 6.30 p.m. EST).
- FESTIVAL screens one of the most successful products of Quebec's current cinema boom, Claude Jutra's *A Tout Prendre*. Filmed in Montreal it tells the melancholy love story of a model and a film director (CBC, Wed., April 14, 9.30 p.m. EST).
- THE MAN BORN TO BE KING: A rerun of Dorothy Sayers' drama, adapted for TV by Mavor Moore, about the first Good Friday (CBC, Friday, April 16, 8 p.m. EST).
- SHOW OF THE WEEK: Remember all those "road" movies starring Bing Crosby and Bob Hope? They're back again in the latest Wayne and Shuster tribute to yesterday's funnymen (CBC, Monday, April 19, 8 p.m. EST).
- OTHER VOICES: A visit with Fred Varley, eighty five-year-old Grand Old Man of Canadian painting (CBC, Tuesday, April 20, 10.30 p.m. EST).

ARGUMENT

APRIL 17 1965 VOLUME 78 NUMBER 8

BRUCE HODGINS says We're bringing our constitution home—and locking Canada into a legal strait-jacket

THERE HAS NEVER been a time in our history when the need for constitutional change has been so widely discussed. There has never been a time when so many authorities have outlined so many plans for bringing our constitution into line with the needs of a modern international state.

Yet at the same time — and this is an eminently Canadian paradox — we are in the process of inaugurating a plan that will make constitutional changes more difficult to enact than ever before.

The plan is embodied in the so-called Fulton-Favreau formula for amending the Canadian constitution. The incredibly complicated legislation has been drafted by the minister of justice, and six provinces have already provided the necessary ratification. It is more than possible that by the end of this year Canada will at last be able to amend all parts of her own constitution without reference to the British parliament.

This may be grounds for satisfaction among hyper-nationalists who are anxious to eliminate the last vestiges of "colonialism" from our national structure. But if the Fulton-Favreau formula becomes law, it will also mean that we've been saddled with the most rigid amendment procedure of any federation in the world — at a time when we can least afford it.

Bruce Hodgins is assistant professor of history at the University of Western Ontario



Why all the sudden flurry about getting this bill into the statute books? Its supporters say that we can no longer endure the "humiliating" experience of asking Britain's permission (which is automatically granted) every time we want to amend the British North America Act. I find this proposition highly dubious, because I can detect no great public outcry in favor of this particular solution. Indeed it's doubtful that the Fulton-Favreau formula could have come as far as it has if it weren't for the massive public apathy that surrounds the issue. We should, of course, work calmly for a more flexible plan.

The bill's supporters say that it does nothing more than eliminate the reference to Westminster, and enact into law the amendment procedure that has long been followed in this country. As Prime Minister Pearson put it last November, the new formula "simply recognizes existing facts." But a glance at the bill itself shows that it does a great deal more; far from codifying existing procedures, it contains many innovations. Nearly all of them, in my view, are undesirable.

The bill provides for five types of constitutional amendments. First, all fundamental changes, including those relating to the division of powers and bilingualism, require the approval of the legislatures of all ten provinces plus the federal parliament. Second, most changes in the structure of Ottawa's governmental system require the approval of the Canadian parliament and of seven provincial legislatures representing at least half of Canada's population. Third, changes involving individual provinces and the federal government require the approval only of parliament and the legislatures of the provinces concerned. Fourth, some matters that are of a purely central significance require only Ottawa's approval. Finally, there is provision for the limited delegation of powers from Ottawa to the provinces or vice versa. Delegated powers are always revocable and involve only those provinces agreeing to the delegation, though they must always number at least four.

The most dangerous innovation hidden in this legal thicket is the way in which the provinces will be required to authorize proposed constitutional amendments. In the past, whenever federal authorities wanted provincial assent to a proposed amendment, they got it from the provincial *governments* — usually through fairly informal consultations with the premiers involved.

But under the Fulton-Favreau formula, every amendment requiring provincial assent will require full and formal debate in the provincial *legislatures* — a very radical departure from previous practice.

This change alone could vastly complicate the business of modernizing our constitution. But it is not the only one. Under the present system the federal parliament can make constitutional changes concerning its own structure without reference to the provinces or to Britain. Under the new formula, however, most such changes will also require the approval of at least seven provincial legislatures. I hate to think how this will affect the prospects for Senate reform.

The bill's supporters claim that an important element of flexibility has been introduced by the provisions making it possible to delegate various powers between the two levels of government. This is indeed the most redeeming feature of the whole plan, but does it go far enough?

Under the new formula, the provinces can delegate their law-making powers to the federal government only for specific acts in the fields of reformatories, local works property and civil rights and matters of a local or private nature in the province.

These are vitally important areas, but they do not include, for instance, the field of education — a field which many English-speaking Canadians believe should be delegated, at least in part by some provinces to the federal government. If any changes in the educational field were to be made, the assent of all ten provinces would be required. On the other hand, the bill makes it possible for the federal government to delegate *all* its powers to the provinces — surely the ultimate in co-operative federalism.

The new formula isn't concerned only with the BNA Act of 1867 and its subsequent amendments. Other laws — including the Statute of Westminster and the statutes that brought Manitoba and Saskatchewan into Confederation — are also listed as part of the "constitution of Canada." Yet this list is given without the intention of "limiting the means of expression." The effect of all this is that our courts will be in a position to declare many *other* British and Canadian laws as part of our constitution — thus expanding the areas of inflexibility.

But perhaps the formula's most dangerous rigidity is in the field of language rights. Briefly, what it does is entrench the rights of the English and French languages as they now exist in the BNA Act.

This is probably the formula's worst feature, because this is the field in which demands for constitutional change are most urgent. Even moderate French Canadians are dissatisfied with the language rights they now enjoy under section 133 of the BNA Act.

If we wanted to extend those rights today, it might not be too difficult. A constitutional amendment would be required, but constitutional authorities disagree on what degree of provincial assent would be required to make the change.

Under the new formula, there is no doubt at all on the latter point. The assent of *all* provinces would be needed to affect any extension of language rights in Canada. This means that Newfoundland, say, could block an amendment guaranteeing the right to use French in certain provincial legislatures or even the right to use French in all federal correspondence, or in the armed services.

We're setting up a situation, in other words, in which one recalcitrant province — or even a bare majority of the MLAs in that province — could veto any move to extend bicultural rights in Canada. Sixteen members of PEI's legislature, for instance, would have the power to veto an amendment that might be vital to the survival of Confederation. This is not my idea of flexibility.

And flexibility in Canada's present situation is equivalent to national survival. When our leaders started worrying years ago about repatriating the constitution, their problem was to make it rigid enough to secure Quebec's acceptance. That's because, under Duplessis, Quebec was mainly concerned about preserving the constitutional *status quo*.

Today the situation is different. A dynamic reform-minded Quebec is on the offensive. An inflexible constitution could undermine the position of moderate reformers in Quebec and play into the hands of extremists. Many responsible observers in Quebec have noted this fact — and are alarmed. Professor Jacques Yves Morin, in a recent issue of *Cité Libre*, notes that a formula originally designed as a special concession to Quebec would now work *against* French Canada.

All around us today in Canada, we hear talk of change. Yet in the Fulton-Favreau formula, we have a suggestion that would effectively block change.

And for all the patriotic breast-beating about "bringing the constitution home," the Fulton-Favreau formula doesn't even do that. The BNA acts, and many other parts of our "constitution" would remain British statutes unless they were individually or collectively re-enacted with the approval of all the provincial legislatures.

Finally, at a time when people are crying out for authoritative statements on the nature of the Canadian union, we are given a verbose, sterile, unpoetic document written in almost unintelligible prose. We search in vain for any underlying principle unless it is that we have evolved from a British colony to an independent aberration.

Medicines

The most expensive medicines in the world today are those which have not yet been found.

While the search for new medicines goes on continuously, a terrible price is being paid in thousands of lives lost for want of them.

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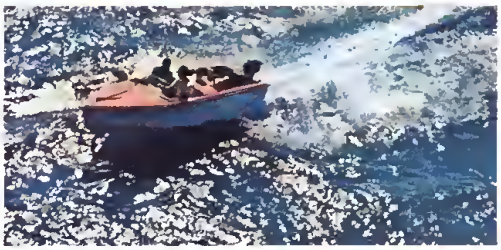
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